

THE

SINCERE HURON.

A TRUE HISTORY,

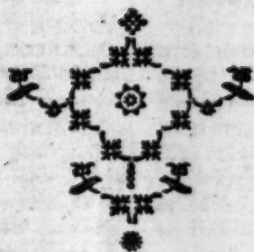
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TRANSLATED FROM

THE FRENCH OF M. DE VOLTAIRE;

Aron
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BY FRANCIS ASHMORE, ESQ.



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SINCE HURON

AND HISTORY

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THE TRENCH OF M. DE VOLTAIRE

BY FRANCIS ASHMORE, ESQ.



LONDON:

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1800.



THE
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CHAP. I.



ONE day, St. Dunstan, an Irishman by nation, and a saint by trade, quitted Ireland, riding on a small mountain, which took it's course towards the coast of France, and set his saintship down in the bay of St. Malo's: as soon as he had alighted, he gave his blessing to the mountain; which, after some profound bows, politely took it's leave, and returned to it's former situation.

On this spot, St. Dunstan laid the foundation of a small priory, and gave it the name of the Priory Mountain, which it still retains, as every one knows.

In the year 1689, on the fifteenth day of July, in the evening, the abbot Kerkabon, prior of our Lady of the Mountain, happened to take the air along the shore with his sister. The prior, now a little declined in age, was a very good pastor, greatly beloved by his neighbours, as he had formerly been by their wives. What added most to the respect paid him was, that among all his clerical neighbours, he only could walk to bed after supper: he was tolerably read in theology; and, when weary of reading St. Augustine, refreshed himself with Rabelais; so that all the world spoke well of him.

Miss Kerkabon, who had never been married, notwithstanding her hearty wishes to be so, had preserved a freshness of complexion in her forty-fifth year: her character was that of a good and sensible woman; she was fond of pleasure, and was a devotee.

As they walked, the prior, looking on the sea, said to his sister—'It was here, alas! that our poor brother embarked with our dear sister-in-law Madam Kerkabon, his wife, on board the Swallow frigate, twenty years ago, to serve the king in Canada. Had he not been killed, we might probably see him again.'

'Do you believe,' says Miss Kerkabon, 'that our sister-in-law was eat by the Cherokees, as we have been told?'—'Certain it is, had they not eat her, she would have come back. I shall grieve for her all my life: she was a charming woman; and our brother, who had a great deal of understanding, would no doubt have obtained a large fortune.'

They were thus expressing themselves, with mutual tenderness, when they perceived a small ship enter the bay of Rence with the tide: the vessel was from England, and came to sell provisions. The crew instantly leaped on shore, without taking any sort of notice of the prior, or Miss his sister, who were both shocked at the little attention shewn them.

Not such was the behaviour of a well-formed youth; who, darting himself over the heads of his companions, stood suddenly before Miss Kerkabon. Unaccustomed to bowing, he made her a sign with his head. His figure and his dress attracted the notice of brother and sister: his head was uncovered, and his legs were bare; instead of shoes, he wore a kind of sandals; his long hair flowed in tresses from his head; a small close doublet displayed the symmetry of his shape; and he had a sweet and martial air. He held

in one hand a small bottle of Barbadoes water, and in the other a bag which contained a goblet and some sea-biscuit. He spoke French very intelligibly; and offered some of his Barbadoes to Miss Kerkabon and her brother. He drank with them; he made them drink a second time; and all with an air of such native simplicity, as quite charmed them. They offered him their service; and asked him who he was, and whither he was going. The young man answered, that he knew not where he should go; that he had some curiosity; that he had a desire to see the coast of France; that he had seen it, and should return.

The prior, judging by his accent that he was not an Englishman, took the liberty of asking what countryman he was. 'I am a Huron,' answered the youth.

Miss Kerkabon, amazed and enchanted to see a Huron, who had behaved so politely to her, begged the young man's company to supper: he complied immediately, and all three went together to the priory of our Lady of the Mountain. The short and round Miss devoured him with her little eyes, and kept saying to her brother—'This tall lad has a complexion of lilies and roses! What a fine skin he has, for a Huron!'—'Very true, sister,' says the prior. She put a hundred questions, one after another, and the traveller answered them all very pertinently.

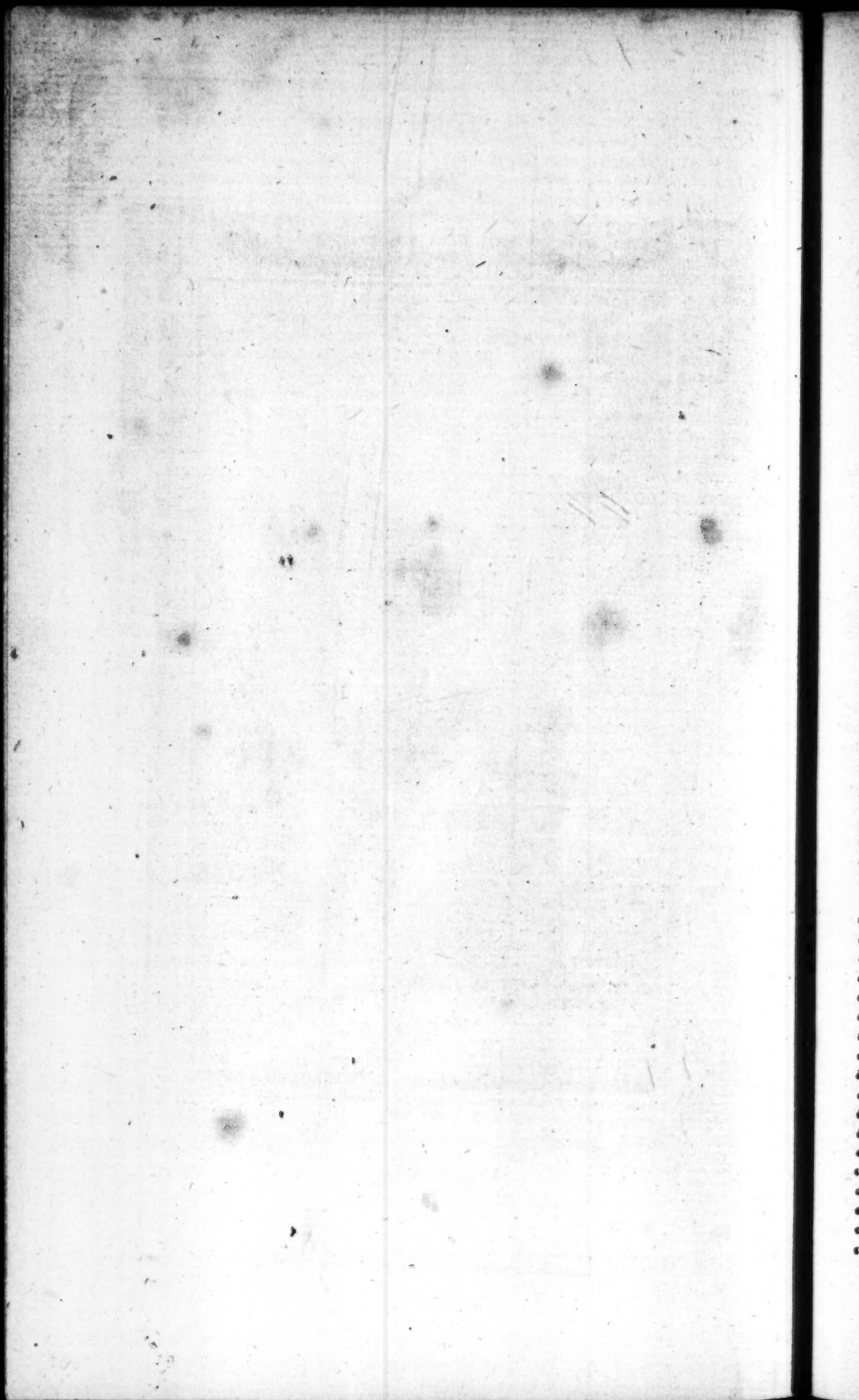
The report was soon spread that they had a Huron at the priory; and all the genteel company of the country came to supper. The abbot of St. Yves came with Miss his sister, a fine, handsome, well-educated girl: the bailiff, the tax-gatherer, and their wives, came all together. The foreigner was seated between Miss Kerkabon and Miss St. Yves; the company eyed him with admiration; they all questioned him together. This did not confound the Huron; he seemed to have taken Lord Bolingbroke's motto, '*Nihil admirari*;' but, at length, wearied with so much noise, he told them, in a sweet but serious tone—'Gentlemen, in my country, one talks after another; how can I answer you, if you will not allow me to hear you?' Reasoning brings people to a momentary reflection: they were all silent. Mr. Bailiff, who always made the most of a foreigner wherever he found him, and who was the most famous man for asking questions in the province, opening a mouth

of half a foot, began: 'Sir, what is your name?'—'I have always been called the Sincere,' answered the Huron; 'and the English have confirmed that name, because I always speak as I think, and act as I like.'—'But, being born a Huron, how could you get to England?'—'I was carried thither. Being made prisoner by the English, after some resistance, the English, who love brave people, because they are as brave and as honest as we, proposed my either returning to my family, or going with them to England. I accepted the latter, having naturally an inclination for travelling.'—'But, Sir,' says the bailiff, with his usual gravity, 'how could you think of abandoning your father and mother?'—'I never knew either father or mother,' says the foreigner. This affected the company; they all repeated—'Neither father nor mother!'—'We will supply their place,' says the mistress of the house to her brother the prior: 'how interesting is the character of this Huron gentleman!' He thanked her with a noble and proud cordiality, but gave her to understand, that he wanted not the assistance of any one.

'I perceive, Mr. Huron,' said the huge bailiff, 'that you talk better French than can be expected from an Indian.'—'A Frenchman,' answered he, 'whom they had made prisoner when I was a boy, and with whom I contracted a great friendship, instructed me. I presently learn what I have an inclination to learn. When I came to Plymouth, I met with one of those French refugees, whom you, I know not why, call Hugonots: he improved my knowledge of your language; and, as soon as I could express myself intelligibly, I came to see your country, because I like the French well enough, when they do not ask too many questions.'

Notwithstanding this slight hint, the abbé of St. Yves asked him, which of the three languages pleased him best, the Huron, English, or French. 'The Huron, to be sure,' answered he. 'Is it possible!' cries Miss Kerkabon; 'I always thought the French was the first of all languages, after that of Low-Britany.'

Then all were eager to know how, in Huron, they asked for *snuff*. He replied—'*Taya*.'—'What signifies *to eat*?'—'*Essenten*.' Miss Kerkabon was impatient to know how they called, '*to make love*.'



‘*love*.’ He informed her—‘*Trouvander*,’ and insisted, not without reason, that these words were well worth their synonyms in French and English. *Trouvander*, especially, seemed very pretty to the whole company. The prior, who had in his library a Huron grammar, which had been given him by the reverend father Sagar Theodas, a Recollect and famous missionary, rose from the table to consult it. He returned quite panting with tenderness and joy, and acknowledged the foreigner for a true Huron. The company speculated a little on the multiplicity of languages; and all agreed that, had it not been for the affair of the Tower of Babel, the whole world would have spoke French.

The inquisitive bailiff, who till now had entertained some suspicions of the foreigner, conceived the deepest respect for him; he spoke to him with more civility than before, but the Huron took no notice of it.

Miss St. Yves was very curious to know how the Hurons made love. ‘By performing great actions to please objects which resemble you.’ All the company admired and applauded; Miss St. Yves blushed, and was extremely well pleased. Miss Kerkabon blushed likewise, but was not so well pleased: she was a little piqued that this gallantry was not addressed to her; but she was so good-natured, that her affection for the Huron was not at all diminished. She asked him, with great complacency, how many mistresses he had had at home. ‘Only one,’ answered the foreigner; ‘Miss Abacaba, the good friend of my dear nurse. The reed is not more straight, the ermine is not more white, no lamb is meeker, no eagle fiercer, nor any stag swifter, than was my Abacaba. She one day pursued a hare not above fifty leagues from my habitation: a base Algonquin, who dwells a hundred leagues farther, took the hare from her. I was told of it; I ran thither, and one stroke of my club levelled him with the ground; I brought him to the feet of my mistress bound hand and foot. Abacaba’s parents were for eating him, but I always had a disrelish for such kind of dishes; I therefore set him at liberty, and made him my friend. Abacaba was so pleased with my conduct, that she preferred me to all her lovers. Alas! how would she continue to love me, had she not been devoured

by a bear! I slew the bear, and for a long time wore his hide; but that has not consoled me.’

Miss St. Yves felt a secret pleasure at hearing that Abacaba had been his only mistress, and that she was no more; yet she understood not the cause of her own pleasure. Every eye was rivetted on the Huron, and he was highly applauded by the whole company for delivering an Algonquin from the spits of his countrymen.

The inconsiderate bailiff was now grown so violent, that he even proceeded to ask the Huron what religion he was of; whether he had chosen the English, the French, or that of the Hugonots? ‘I am of my own religion,’ said he; ‘just as you are of yours.’—‘Lord!’ cried Miss Kerkabon, ‘I see already that the profane English have not once thought of baptizing him!’—‘Good God!’ said Miss St. Yves, ‘how is it possible! how is it possible that the Hurons should not be Roman Catholicks! Have not those reverend fathers the Jesuits converted all the world?’ The Huron assured her, that in his country nobody was converted, that no true American had ever changed his opinion, and that there was not in their language a word to express inconstancy.

These last words extremely pleased Miss St. Yves. ‘Oh! we’ll baptize him, we’ll baptize him,’ said Miss Kerkabon to the prior; ‘you shall have that honour, my dear brother, and I will be his god-mother; the abbot St. Yves shall present him at the font; it will make a fine appearance; it will be talked off over all Britany; and do us the greatest honour.’ The company were all of the same mind with the mistress of the house; they all cried—‘We’ll baptize him.’ The Huron interrupted them, by saying, that in England every one was allowed to live as he pleased. He rather shewed some aversion to the proposal which was made, and could not help telling them, that the laws of the Hurons were to the full as good as those of Low-Britany. He finished with saying, that he should return the next day. The bottles grew empty, and the company went to bed.

After the Huron had been conducted to his room, Miss Kerkabon and her friend Miss St. Yves could not help peeping through the key-hole, to see how a Huron went to bed: they saw that

he spread the blankets on the floor, and laid himself down upon them in the finest attitude in the world.

CHAP. II.

THE HURON, CALLED THE INGENU, ACKNOWLEDGED BY HIS RELATIONS.

THE Ingenu, according to custom, awoke with the sun, at the crowing of the cock, which is called in England and Huronia, 'the trumpet of the day.' He did not imitate what is stiled good company, who languish in the bed of indolence till the sun has performed half his daily career, unable to sleep, but not disposed to rise, and lose so many precious hours in that doubtful state between life and death, and who, nevertheless, complain that life is too short.

He had already traversed two or three leagues, and killed fifteen brace of game, with shot only, when, upon his return, he found the prior of our Lady of the Mountain, with his discreet sister, walking in their night-caps in their little garden. He presented them with the spoils of his morning labour, and taking from his bosom a kind of little talisman, which he constantly wore about his neck, he intreated them to accept of it as an acknowledgment for the kind reception they had given him. 'It is,' said he, 'the most valuable thing I am possessed of: I have been assured that I shall always be happy whilst I carry this little toy about me; and I give it you that you may be always happy.'

The prior and Miss smiled with pity at the frankness of the Ingenu. This present consisted of two little portraits very ill done, tied together with a greasy string.

Miss Kerkabon asked him if there were any painters in Huronia? 'No,' replied the Ingenu, 'I had this curiosity from my nurse; her husband had obtained it by conquest, in stripping some of the French of Canada, who had made war upon us; this is all I know of the matter.'

The prior looked attentively upon these pictures, whilst he changed colour, his hands trembled, and he seemed much affected. 'By our Lady of the Mountain,' he cried out, 'I believe these to be the faces of the Captain, my bro-

ther, and his lady.' Miss, after having consulted them with the like emotion, thought the same. They were both struck with astonishment and joy blended with grief: they both melted, they both wept, their hearts throbbed, and during their disorder, the pictures were interchanged between them at least twenty times in a second. They seemed to devour the Huron's pictures with their eyes; they asked one after another, and even both at once, at what time, in what place, and how these miniatures fell into the hands of his nurse? They reckoned and computed the time from the Captain's departure; they recollected having received advice, that he had penetrated as far as the country of the Hurons; and from that time they had never heard any thing more of him.

The Huron had told them, that he had never known either father or mother. The prior, who was a man of sense, observed, that he had a little beard, and he knew very well that the Hurons never had any. His chin was somewhat hairy; he was therefore the son of an European. 'My brother and sister-in-law were never seen after the expedition against the Hurons, in 1669. My nephew must then have been sucking at the breast; the Huron nurse has preserved his life, and been a mother to him.' At length, after a hundred questions and answers, the prior and his sister concluded that the Huron was their own nephew. They embraced him, whilst tears streamed from their eyes; and the Huron laughed to think, that an Indian should be nephew to a prior of Lower Brittany.

All the company went down stairs. Mr. De St. Yves, who was a great physiognomist, compared the two pictures with the Huron's countenance. They observed, very skilfully, that he had the mother's eyes, the forehead and nose of the late Captain Kerkabon, and the cheeks common to both.

Miss St. Yves, who had never seen either father or mother, was strenuously of opinion, that the young man had a perfect resemblance of them. They all admired the providence and concatenation of events of this world. In a word, they were so persuaded, so convinced of the birth of the Huron, that he himself consented to be the prior's nephew, saying, that he would as soon have him for his uncle as another.

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He went to return thanks in the church of our Lady of the Mountain; whilst the Huron, with an air of indifference, amused himself with drinking in the house.

The English who had brought him over, and who were ready to set sail, came to tell him that it was time to depart. 'Probably,' said he to them, 'you have not met with any of your uncles or aunts; I shall stay here, go you back to Plymouth: I give you all my cloaths, as I have no longer occasion for any thing in this world, since I am the nephew of a prior.' The English set sail, without being at all concerned whether the Huron had any relations or not in Lower Britany.

After the uncles, the aunt, and the company, had sung *Te Deum*; after the bailiff had once more overwhelmed the Huron with questions; after they had exhausted all their astonishment, joy, and tenderness; the prior of the Mountain and the Abbé of St. Yves, concluded, that the Huron should be baptized with all possible expedition. But the case was very different with a tall robust Indian of twenty-two, and an infant who is regenerated without his knowing any thing of the matter. It was necessary to instruct him, and this appeared difficult; for the Abbé of St. Yves supposed, that a man who was not born in France could not be endued with common sense.

The prior indeed observed to the company, that though, in fact, the ingenious gentleman, his nephew, was not so fortunate as to be born in Lower Britany, he was not, upon that account, any way deficient in sense; which might be concluded from all his answers; and that, doubtless, nature had greatly favoured him, as well on his father as his mother's side.

He was then asked, if he had ever read any book? He said, he had read Rabelais translated into English, and some passages in Shakespeare, which he knew by heart; that these books belonged to the captain, on board of whose ship he came from America to Plymouth; and that he was very well pleased with them. The bailiff failed not putting many questions to him concerning these books. 'I acknowledge,' said the Huron, 'I thought I understood some things, but not the whole.'

The Abbé of St. Yves reflected, upon this discourse, that it was in this manner

he had always read, and that most men read no other way. 'You have,' said he to the Huron, 'doubtless read the Bible?'—'Never, Mr. Abbé: it was not among the Captain's books; I never heard it mentioned.'—'This is the way of those cursed English,' said Miss Kerkabon; 'they mind more a piece of Shakespeare's, a plumb-pudding, or a bottle of rum, than they do the Pentateuch. For this reason they have never converted any Indians in America. They are certainly cursed by God, and we shall conquer Jamaica and Virginia from them in a very short time.'

Be this as it may, the most skilful taylor in all St. Malo was sent for, to dress the Huron from head to foot. The company separated, and the bailiff went elsewhere to display his inquisitiveness. Miss St. Yves, in parting, returned several times to observe the young stranger, and made him lower curtesies than ever she did any one in her life.

The bailiff, before he took his leave, presented to Miss Yves a stupid dolt of a son, just come from the college; but she scarce looked at him, so much was she taken up with the politeness of the Huron.

CHAP. III.

THE HURON CONVERTED.

THE prior finding that he was somewhat advanced in years, and that God had sent him a nephew for his consolation, took it into his head that he would resign his benefice in his favour, if he succeeded in baptizing him, and of making him enter into orders.

The Huron had an excellent memory. The firmness of the organs of Lower Britany, strengthened by the climate of Canada, had made his head so vigorous, that when he was struck upon it, he scarce felt it; and when any thing was graven in it, nothing could efface it; nothing had ever escaped his memory. His conception was the more sure and lively, by reason that his infancy not having been loaden with useless fooleries, which overwhelm ours, things entered into his head without being clouded. The prior at length resolved to make him read the New Testament; the Huron devoured it with

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great pleasure; but not knowing at what time, or in what country, all the adventures related in this book had happened, he did not in the least doubt that the scene of action had been in Lower Britany; and he swore, that he would cut off Caiphas and Pontius Pilate's ears, if ever he met those scoundrels.

His uncle, charmed with these good dispositions, soon brought him to the point; he applauded his zeal, but at the same time acquainted him, that it was needless, as these people had been dead upwards of 1690 years. The Huron soon got the whole book by heart. He sometimes proposed difficulties that greatly embarrassed the prior. He was often obliged to consult the Abbé of St. Yves, who not knowing what to answer, brought a Jesuit of Lower Britany to perfect the conversion of the Huron.

Grace, at length, operated; and the Huron promised to become a Christian. He did not doubt but that the first step towards it was circumcision: 'For,' said he, 'I do not find in the book that was put into my hands, a single person who was not circumcised; it is therefore evident that I must make a sacrifice of my prepuce; and the sooner the better.' He sent for the surgeon of the village, and desired him to perform the operation, thinking thereby greatly to rejoice Miss Kerkabon and all the company, when the thing was once done. The surgeon, who had never performed such an operation, acquainted the family, who screamed out. The good Kerkabon trembled lest her nephew, whom she knew to be resolute and expeditious, should perform the operation unskilfully himself, and that fatal consequences should ensue, in which the ladies, through the goodness of their hearts, are always concerned.

The prior rectified the Huron's mistake, representing to him, that circumcision was no longer in fashion; that baptism was much more gentle and salutary; that the law of grace was not like the law of rigour. The Huron, who had much good sense, and was well disposed, disputed, but soon acknowledged his error, which seldom happens in Europe among disputants; in a word, he promised to let himself be baptized whenever they pleased.

It was necessary that he should go previously to confession; and this was the greatest difficulty to surmount. The

Huron had constantly in his pocket the book his uncle gave him. He did not there find that a single apostle had ever been confessed, and this made him very restive. The prior silenced him, by shewing him, in the epistle of St. James the Minor, these words: '*Confess your sins to one another.*' The Huron was mute, and confessed his sins to a Recolet. When he had done, he dragged the Recolet from the confessional chair, and seizing him with a vigorous arm, placed himself in his seat, making the Recolet kneel before him; 'Come, my friend, it is said, *we must confess our sins to one another*; I have related to you my sins, and you shall not stir till you recount yours.' Whilst he said this, he fixed his great knee against his adversary's stomach. The Recolet roared and groaned, till he made the church re-echo. The noise brought people to his assistance, who found the catechumen cuffing the monk in the name of St. James the Minor. The joy diffused at the baptizing at once a Low-Breton, a Huron, and an Englishman, surmounted all these singularities. There were even some theologians of opinion, that confession was not necessary, as baptism supplied the place of every thing.

The bishop of St. Malo was chosen for the ceremony, who, flattered, as may be believed, at baptizing a Huron, arrived in a pompous equipage, followed by his clergy. Miss St. Yves put on her best gown to bless God, and sent for a hair-dresser from St. Malo's, to shine at the ceremony. The inquisitive bailiff brought the whole country with him. The church was magnificently ornamented. But when the Huron was summoned to attend the baptismal font, he was not to be found.

His uncle and aunt sought for him every where. It was imagined he was gone a hunting, according to his usual custom. Every one convened to the festival, searched the neighbouring woods and villages; but no intelligence could be obtained of the Huron. They began to fear he was returned to England. Some remembered that he had said, he was very fond of that country. The prior and his sister were persuaded that nobody was baptized there, and were troubled for their nephew's soul. The bishop was confounded, and ready to return home; the prior and the Abbé of St. Yves were in despair; the bailiff in-
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terrogated all passengers with his usual gravity; Miss Kerkabon melted into tears; Miss St. Yves did not weep, but she vented such deep sighs, as seemed to testify her sacramental disposition. They were walking in this melancholy mood, among the willows and reeds upon the banks of the little river Rence, when they perceived, in the middle of the stream, a large figure, tolerably white, with it's two arms across it's breast. They screamed out and ran away. But, curiosity being stronger than any other consideration, they slipped softly amongst the reeds; and when they were pretty certain they could not be seen, they were willing to decry what it was.

C H A P. IV.

THE HURON BAPTIZED.

THE prior and the abbé having run to the river side, they asked the Huron what he was doing? 'In faith,' said he, 'gentlemen, I am waiting to be baptized. I have been an hour in the water up to my neck, and I do not think it is civil to let me be quite spent.'—'My dear nephew,' said the prior to him tenderly, 'this is not the way of being baptized in Lower-Britany; put on your cloaths, and come with us.' Miss St. Yves, listening to the discourse, said, in a whisper to her companion, 'Miss, do you think he will put his cloaths on in such a hurry?'

The Huron, however, replied to the prior—'You will not make me believe now as you did before; I have studied very well since, and I am very certain there is no other kind of baptism. The eunuch of Queen Candace was baptized in a rivulet. I defy you to shew me, in the book you gave me, that people were ever baptized any other way. I either will not be baptized at all, or the ceremony shall be performed in the river.' It was in vain to remonstrate to him that customs were altered. He was headstrong, for he was both a Breton and a Huron. He always recurred to the eunuch of Queen Candace. And though Miss and his aunt, who had observed him through the willows, were authorized to tell him, that he had no right to quote such a man; they, nevertheless, said nothing;—so great was their discretion. The bishop came him-

self to speak to him, which was a great thing; but he could not prevail; the Huron disputed with the bishop.

'Shew me,' said he, 'in the book my uncle gave me, one single man that was not baptized in a river, and I will do whatever you please.'

His aunt, in despair, had observed, that the first time her nephew bowed, he made a much lower bow to Miss St. Yves than any one in the company; that he had not even saluted the bishop with so much respect, blended with cordiality, as he did that agreeable young lady. She thought it advisable to apply to her in this great embarrassment; she entreated her to use her influence to engage the Huron to be baptized according to the custom of Britany; thinking that her nephew could never be a Christian if he persisted in being christened in the stream.

Miss St. Yves blushed at the secret pleasure she felt in being appointed to execute so important a commission. She modestly approached the Huron, and squeezing his hand in quite a noble manner, she said to him—'What, will you do nothing to please me?' and in uttering these words, she raised her eyes from a downcast look into a graceful tenderness. 'Oh! yes, Miss, every thing you require, all that you command, whether it is to be baptized in water, fire, or blood;—there is no thing I can refuse you.' Miss St. Yves had the glory of effecting in two words, what neither the importunities of the prior, the repeated interrogations of the bailiff, nor the reasoning of the bishop, could effect. She was sensible of her triumph; but she was not yet sensible of it's utmost latitude.

Baptism was administered and received with all the decency, magnificence, and propriety possible. His uncle and aunt yielded to the Abbé St. Yves and his sister the favour of supporting the Huron upon the font. Miss St. Yves's eyes sparkled with joy at being a god-mother. She was ignorant how much this high title subjected her; she accepted the honour without being acquainted with it's fatal consequences.

As there never was any ceremony that was not followed by a good dinner, the company took their seats at table after the christening. The humourists of Lower-Britany said, they did not chuse to have their wine baptized. The prior said, that wine, according to Solomon,

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cherished the heart of man. The bishop added, that the patriarch Judah ought to have tied his ass-colt to the vine, and steeped his cloak in the blood of the grape; and that he was sorry the same could not be done in Lower-Brittany, to which God had not allotted vines. Every one endeavoured to say a good thing upon the Huron's christening, and strokes of gallantry to the god-mother. The bailiff, ever interrogating, asked the Huron, if he was faithful in keeping his promises? 'How,' said he, 'can I fail keeping them, since I have deposited them in the hands of Miss St. Yves?'

The Huron grew warm; he had drank plentifully his god-mother's health. 'If,' said he, 'I had been baptized with your hand, I feel that the water which was poured upon the nape of my neck would have burnt me.' The bailiff thought this was too poetical, being ignorant that allegory is a familiar figure in Canada. But his god-mother was very well pleased.

The Huron had, at his baptism, received the name of Hercules. The bishop of St. Malo's frequently enquired who was this tutelar saint, whom he had never heard mentioned before. The Jesuit, who was very learned, told him, that he was a saint who had wrought twelve miracles. There was a thirteenth, which was well worth the other twelve, but it was not proper for a Jesuit to mention it: this was the transforming fifty girls into women in one night's time. A wag, who was present, related this miracle very feelingly. The ladies all cast down their eyes, and judged, from the physiognomy of the Huron, that he was worthy of the saint whose name he bore.

CHAP. V.

THE HURON IN LOVE.

IT must be acknowledged, that from the time of this christening and this dinner, Miss St. Yves passionately wished that the bishop would make her again an assistant with Mr. Hercules in some other fine ceremony. However, as she was well brought up, and very modest, she did not dare entirely agree with herself in regard to these tender sentiments; but if a look, a word, a gesture, a

thought, escaped from her, she concealed it admirably well under the veil of modesty. She was tender, lively, and sagacious.

As soon as the bishop was gone, the Huron and Miss St. Yves met together, without thinking they were in search of one another. They spoke together without premeditating what they said. The sincere youth immediately declared, that he loved her with all his heart; and that the beauteous Abacaba, with whom he had been desperately in love in his own country, was far inferior to her. Miss replied with her usual modesty, that the prior her uncle, and the lady her aunt, should be spoken to immediately; and that, on her side, she would say a few words to her dear brother the Abbé of St. Yves, and that she flattered herself it would meet with no opposition.

The youth replied, that the consent of any one was entirely superfluous; that it appeared to him extremely ridiculous to go and ask others what they were to do; that when two parties were agreed, there was no occasion for a third to accomplish their union. 'I never consult any one,' said he, 'when I have a mind to breakfast, to hunt, or to sleep: I am sensible, that in love it is not amiss to have the consent of the person whom we wish for; but as I am neither in love with my uncle nor my aunt, I have no occasion to address myself to them in this affair; and if you will believe me, you may equally dispense with the advice of the Abbé of St. Yves.'

It may be supposed that the young lady exerted all the delicacy of her wit, to bring her Huron to the terms of good-breeding. She was even angry, but soon softened. In a word, it cannot be said how this conversation would have ended, if the declining day had not brought the abbé to conduct his sister home. The Huron left his uncle and aunt to rest, being somewhat fatigued with the ceremony and their long dinner. He passed part of the night in writing verses in the Huron language, upon his well-beloved; for it should be known, there is no country where love has not rendered lovers poets.

The next day his uncle spoke to him in the following manner, after breakfast, in the presence of Miss Kerkabon, who was quite melted at the discourse. 'Heaven be praised, that you have the honour,

honour, my dear nephew, to be a Christian of Lower-Britany! But this is not enough; I am somewhat advanced in years: my brother has left only a little bit of ground, which is a very small matter; I have a good priory. If you will only make yourself sub-deacon, as I hope you will, I will resign my priory in your favour; and you will live quite at your ease, after having been the consolation of my old age.

The Huron replied, 'Uncle, much good may do you; live as long as you can. I do not know what it is to be a sub-deacon, or what it is to resign; but every thing will be agreeable to me, provided I have Miss St. Yves at my disposal.' — 'Good God, nephew! what is it you say? You love that beautiful young lady to distraction!'

— 'Yes, uncle.' — 'Alas! nephew, it is impossible you should ever marry her.' — 'It is very possible, uncle; for she did not only squeeze my hand when she left me, but she promised she would ask me in marriage: I certainly shall wed her.' — 'It is impossible, I tell you, she is your god-mother: it is a dreadful sin for a god-mother to give her hand to her god-son; it is contrary to all laws human and divine.' — 'Why the deuce, uncle, should it be forbidden to marry one's god-mother, when she is young and handsome? I did not find, in the book you gave me, that it was wrong to marry young women who assisted at christenings. I perceive, every day, that an infinite number of things are done here which are not in your book, and nothing is done that is said in it. I must acknowledge to you, that this astonishes and displeases me. If I am deprived of the charming Miss St. Yves on account of my baptism, I give you notice, that I will run away with her and unbaptize myself.'

The prior was confounded; his sister wept. 'My dear brother,' said she, 'our nephew must not damn himself; our holy father the Pope can give him a dispensation, and then he may be happy, in a christian-like manner, with the person he likes.' The ingenuous Hercules embraced his aunt: 'For goodness sake,' said he, 'who is this charming man, who is so gracious as to promote the amours of girls and

boys? I will go and speak to him this instant.'

The dignity and character of the Pope was explained to him, and the Huron was still more astonished than before. — 'My dear uncle,' said he, 'there is not a word of all this in your book; I have travelled, and am acquainted with the sea; we are now upon the coast of the ocean, and I must leave Miss St. Yves to go and ask leave to have her, of a man who lives towards the Mediterranean, 400 leagues from hence, and whose language I do not understand! This is most incomprehensibly ridiculous! But I will go first to the Abbé of St. Yves, who lives only a league from hence; and I promise you, I will wed my mistress before night.'

Whilst he was yet speaking, the bailiff entered, and, according to his usual custom, asked him, where he was going? 'I am going to be married,' replied the ingenuous Hercules, running along; and in less than a quarter of an hour he was with his charming dear mistress, who was still asleep. 'Ah! my dear brother,' said Miss Kerkabon to the prior, 'you will never make a sub-deacon of our nephew.'

The bailiff was very much displeased at this journey; for he laid claim to Miss Yves in favour of his son, who was a still greater and more insupportable fool than his father.

CHAP. VI.

THE HURON FLIES TO HIS MISTRESS,
AND BECOMES QUITE FURIOUS.

NO sooner had the ingenuous Hercules reached the house, than having asked an old servant which was his mistress's apartment, he forced open the door, which was badly fastened, and flew towards the bed. Miss St. Yves, startled out of her sleep, cried—'Ah! what, is it you! Stop, what are you about?' He answered—'I am going to marry; and he would actually have consummated the nuptials, if she had not opposed him with all the decency of a young lady so well educated.'

The Huron did not understand railery, he found all these evasions extremely impertinent. 'Miss Abacaba, my first mistress, did not behave in this manner; you

‘you have no honesty; you promised me marriage, and you will not marry; this is being deficient in the first laws of honour; I will teach you to keep your word, and I will replace you in the path of virtue.’

He possessed an intrepid masculine virtue, worthy of his patron Hercules, whose name was given him at his christening; and he was going to practise it in all its latitude, when the alarming outcries of the lady, more discreetly virtuous, brought the sagacious Abbé de St. Yves, with his housekeeper, an old devotee servant, and the parish-priest. The sight of these moderated the courage of the assailant. ‘Good God!’ cried the abbé, ‘my dear neighbour, what are you about?’—‘My duty,’ replied the young man; ‘I am fulfilling my promises, which are sacred.’

Miss St. Yves adjusted herself, not without blushing. The lover was conducted into another apartment. The abbé remonstrated to him the enormity of his conduct. The Huron defended himself upon the privileges of the law of nature, which he understood perfectly well. The abbé maintained, that the law positive should be allowed all its advantages; and that without conventions agreed on between men, the law of nature would almost constantly be nothing more than natural felony. Notaries, priests, witnesses, contracts, and dispensations, are absolutely necessary. The ingenuous Hercules made answer with the observation constantly adopted by savages—‘You are then very great rogues, since so many precautions are necessary.’

This remark somewhat disconcerted the abbé: ‘There are, I acknowledge, libertines and cheats among us, and there would be as many among the Hurons, if they were united in a great city; but, at the same time, we have discreet, honest, enlightened people; and these are the men who have framed the laws. The more upright we are, the more readily we should submit to them, as we thereby set an example to the vicious, who respect those bounds which virtue has given herself.’

This answer struck the Huron. It has already been observed, that his mind was well disposed. He was softened by flattering speeches, which promised him hopes; all the world is caught in these snares: and Miss St. Yves herself ap-

peared, after having been at her toilet. Every thing was now conducted with the utmost good breeding. But notwithstanding this decorum, the sparkling eyes of the ingenuous Hercules constantly made his mistress blush, and the company tremble.

It was with much difficulty he was sent back to his relations. It was again necessary for the charming Miss St. Yves to interfere; the more she found the influence she had upon him, the more she loved him. She made him depart, and was much afflicted at it: at length, when he was gone, the abbé, who was not only Miss St. Yves’s elder brother by many years, but was also her guardian, endeavoured to wean his ward from the importunities of this dreadful lover. He went to consult the bailiff, who had always intended his son for the abbé’s sister, and advised him to place the poor girl in a convent. This was a terrible stroke: such a measure would, to a young lady unaffected with any particular passion, have been inexpressible punishment; but to a love-sick maid, equally sagacious and tender, it was despair itself.

When the ingenuous Hercules returned to the prior’s, he related all that had happened with his usual frankness. He met with the same remonstrances, which had some effect upon his mind, though none upon his senses; but the next day, when he wanted to return to his mistress, in order to reason with her upon the law of nature and the law of convention, the bailiff acquainted him, with insulting joy, that she was in a convent. ‘Very well,’ said he, ‘I’ll go and reason with her in this convent.’—‘That cannot be,’ said the bailiff; and then entered into a long explanation of the nature of a convent, telling him, that this word was derived from *conventus*, in the Latin, which signifies ‘an assembly;’ and the Huron could not comprehend, why he might not be admitted into this assembly. As soon as he was informed that this assembly was a kind of prison, in which girls were shut up; a shocking institution, unknown in Huronia and England; he became as furious as was his patron Hercules, when Euritus, king of Oechalia, not less cruel than the abbé of St. Yves, refused him the beautiful Iola, his daughter, not inferior in beauty to the abbé’s sister. He was upon the point of going to set fire

first to the convent, to carry off his mistress, or be burnt with her. Miss Kerkabon, terrified at such a declaration, gave up all hopes of ever seeing her nephew a sub-deacon; and weeping, said—'The devil was certainly in him since he had been christened.'

C H A P. VII.

THE HURON REPULSES THE ENGLISH.

THE ingenuous Hercules walked towards the sea-coast, wrapped in a deep and gloomy melancholy, with his double charged fusée upon his shoulder, and his cutlass by his side, shooting now and then a bird, and often tempted to shoot himself; but he had still some affection for life, for the sake of his dear mistress; by turns execrating his uncle and aunt, all Lower Britany, and his christening—then blessing them, as they had introduced him to the knowledge of her he loved. He resolved upon going to burn the convent, and he stopt short for fear of burning his mistress. The waves of the Channel are not more agitated by the easterly and westerly winds, than was his heart by so many contrary emotions.

He was walking very fast along, without knowing whither he was going, when he heard the beat of a drum. He saw, at a great distance, a vast multitude, part of whom ran towards the coast, and the other part flew from it.

A thousand shrieks re-echoed on every side: curiosity and courage hurried him, that instant, towards the spot where the greatest clamour arose, which he attained in a few leaps. The commander of the militia, who had supped with him at the prior's, knew him immediately, and he ran to the Huron with open arms: 'Ah! it is the sincere American—he will fight for us.' Upon which the militia, who were almost dead with fear, recovered themselves, crying out with one voice—'It is the Huron, the ingenuous Huron.'

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'what is the matter? Why are you so scared? Have they shut your mistresses up in convents?' Instantly a thousand confused voices cried out—'Do you not see the English, who are landing?'—'Very well,' replied the Huron, 'they

'are a brave people; they never proposed making me a sub-deacon; they never carried off my mistress.'

The commander made him understand, that they were coming to pillage the Abbey of the Mountain, drink his uncle's wine, and perhaps carry off Miss St. Yves; that the little vessel which set him on shore in Britany, was come only to reconnoitre the coast; that they were committing acts of hostility, without having declared war against France; and that the province was entirely exposed to them. 'If this be the case,' said he, 'they violate the law of nature: let me alone; I lived a good while among them; I am acquainted with their language, and I will speak to them; I cannot think they can have so wicked a design.'

During this conversation, the English fleet approached; the Huron ran towards it, and having jumped into a little boat, soon rowed to the admiral's ship, and having gone on board, asked, Whether it was true, that they were come to ravage the coast, without having honestly declared war? The admiral and all his crew burst out into laughter, made him drink some punch, and sent him back.

The ingenuous Hercules, piqued at this reception, thought now of nothing else but beating his old friends for his countrymen and the prior. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood ran from all quarters, and joined them: they had some cannon, and he discharged them one after the other. The English landed, and he flew towards them, when he killed three of them with his own hand: he even wounded the admiral, who had made a joke of him. The whole militia were animated with his prowess; the English returned to their ships, and went on board; and the whole coast re-echoed with the shouts of victory—'Live the king! live the ingenuous Hercules!' Every one ran to embrace him; every one strove to stop the bleeding of some slight wounds he had received. 'Ah!' said he, 'if Miss St. Yves were here, she would put on a plaster for me.'

The bailiff, who had hid himself in his cellar during the battle, came to pay his compliments like the rest. But he was greatly surprised, when he heard the ingenuous Hercules say to a dozen young men well disposed for his service, who surrounded him—'My friends, having

'delivered the Abbey of the Mountain
'is nothing, we must rescue a nymph.'

The warm blood of these youth were fired at the expression. He was already followed by crowds, who repaired to the convent. If the bailiff had not immediately acquainted the commandant with their design, and he had not sent a detachment after the joyous troop, the thing would have been done. The Huron was conducted back to his uncle and aunt, who overwhelmed him with tears and tenderness.

'I see very well,' said his uncle, 'that you will never be either a sub-deacon or a prior; you will be an officer, and one still braver than my brother the captain, and probably as poor.' Miss Kerkabon could not stop an incessant flood of tears, whilst she embraced him, saying—'He will be killed too like my brother; it were much better he were a sub-deacon.'

The Huron had, during the battle, picked up a large purse full of guineas, which probably the admiral lost. He did not doubt but that this purse would buy all Lower Britany, and, above all, make Miss St. Yves a great lady. Every one persuaded him to repair to Versailles, to receive the recompence due to his services. The commandant, and the principal officers, furnished him with certificates in abundance. The uncle and aunt also approved of this journey. He was to be presented to the king without any difficulty. This alone would give him great weight in the province. These two good folks added to the English purse a considerable present out of their savings. The Huron said to himself—'When I see the king, I will ask Miss St. Yves of him in marriage, and certainly he will not refuse me.' He set out accordingly, amidst the acclamations of the whole district, stifled with embraces, bathed in tears by his aunt, blessed by his uncle, and recommending himself to the charming Miss St. Yves.

C H A P. VIII.

THE HURON GOES TO COURT. SUPS
UPON THE ROAD WITH SOME HU-
GUENOTS.

THE ingenuous Hercules took the Saumur road in the coach, because there was at that time no other conve-

nience. When he came to Saumur, he was astonished to find the city almost deserted, and see several families going away. He was told, that half a dozen years before Saumur contained upwards of 50,000 inhabitants, and that at present there were not 6000. He mentioned this at the inn, whilst at supper. Several protestants were at table; some complained bitterly, others trembled with rage, others weeping said, *Nos dulcia linguimus arva, nos patriam fugimus.* The Huron, who did not understand Latin, had these words explained to him, which signified, 'We abandon our sweet fields; we fly from our country.'

'And why do you fly from your country, gentlemen?'—'Because we must otherwise acknowledge the pope.'—'And why not acknowledge him? You have no god-mothers, then, that you want to marry; for I am told, it is he that grants this permission.'—'Ah! Sir, this pope says, that he is master of the domains of kings.'—'But, gentlemen, what religion are you of?'—'Why, Sir, we are for the most part drapers and manufacturers.'—'If the pope,' says he, 'is the master of your cloaths and manufactures, you do very well not to acknowledge him; but as to kings, it is their business, and why do you trouble yourself with it?' Here a little black man took up the argument, and very learnedly set forth the grievances of the company. He talked of the revocation of the edict of Nantes with so much energy; he deplored in so pathetic a manner the fate of 50,000 fugitive families, and of 50,000 others converted by dragoons; that the ingenuous Hercules could not refrain from shedding tears. 'Whence arises,' said he, 'that so great a king, whose renown expands itself even to the Hurons, should thus deprive himself of so many hearts that would have loved him, and so many arms that would have served him?'

'Because he has been imposed upon, like other great kings,' replied the little orator. 'He has been made to believe, that as soon as he utters a word, all people think as he does; and that he can make us change our religion, just as his musician Lulli, in a moment, changes the decorations of his opera. He has not only already lost five or six hundred thousand very useful subjects, but he has turned many of them into enemies;

enemies; and King William, who is at this time master of England, has composed several regiments of these identical Frenchmen, who would otherwise have fought for their monarch.

Such a disaster is the more astonishing, as the present pope, to whom Lewis XIV. sacrifices a part of his people, is his declared enemy. A violent quarrel has subsisted between them for near nine years; it has been carried so far, that France was in hopes of at length casting off the yoke, by which it has been kept in subjection for so many ages to this foreigner, and, more particularly, of not giving him any more money, which is the *primum mobile* of the affairs of this world. It therefore appears evident, that this great king has been imposed on, as well with respect to his interest, as the extent of his power, and that even the magnanimity of his heart has been struck at.*

The Huron, melted more and more, asked, who were the Frenchmen who thus deceived a monarch so dear to the Hurons? 'They are the Jesuits,' he was answered; 'and particularly Father La Chaise, the king's confessor. It is to be hoped that God will one day punish them for it, and that they will be driven out, as they now drive us. Can any misfortune equal ours? Monf. de Louvois befits us on all sides with Jesuits and dragoons.'

'Well, gentlemen,' replied the Huron, who could contain no longer, 'I am going to Versailles to receive the recompence due to my services; I will speak to Monf. de Louvois; I am told it is he who makes war from his closet. I shall see the king, and I will acquaint him with the truth; it is impossible not to yield to this truth, when it is felt. I shall return very soon to marry Miss St. Yves, and I beg you will be present at our nuptials.' These good people now took him for some great lord, who travelled *incognito* in the coach. Some took him for the king's fool.

There was at table a disguised Jesuit, who acted as a spy to the reverend Father de la Chaise. He gave him an account of every thing that passed, and

Father de la Chaise reported it to M. de Louvois. The spy wrote. The Huron and the letter arrived almost at the same time at Versailles.

CHAP. IX.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE HURON AT VERSAILLES. HIS RECEPTION AT COURT.

THE ingenuous Hercules was set down from a *pot de chambre*, in the court of the kitchens. He asks the chairmen, what hour the king can be seen? The chairmen laugh in his face, just as the English admiral had done; and he treated them in the same manner, he beat them: they were for retaliation, and the scene had like to have proved bloody, if a life-guardman, who was a gentleman of Britany, had not passed by, and who dispersed the mob.

'Sir,' said the traveller to him, 'you appear to me to be a brave man. I am nephew to the prior of our Lady of the Mountain. I have killed Englishmen, and I am come to speak to the king; I beg you will conduct me to his chamber.' The soldier, ravished to find a man of courage from his province, who did not seem acquainted with the customs of the court, told him, that this was not the manner of speaking to the king, and that it was necessary to be presented by M. de Louvois. 'Very well, then, conduct me to M. de Louvois, who will doubtless conduct me to the king.'—'It is more difficult,' resumed the soldier, 'to speak to M. de Louvois, than to the king. But I will conduct you to Mr. Alexander's, first commissioner at war, and this will be just the same as if you spoke to the minister.' They accordingly repair to Mr. Alexander's, who is first clerk; but they cannot be introduced, he being closely engaged in business with a lady of the court, and no person is allowed admittance. 'Well,' said the life-guardman, 'there is no harm done, let us go to Mr. Alexander's first clerk; this will be just the same as if you spoke to Mr. Alexander himself.'

The Huron, quite astonished, follow-

* A vehicle that goes from Paris to Versailles, which resembles a little covered tumbrel.

ed him; they remain together half an hour in a little anti-chamber. 'What is all this?' said the ingenuous Hercules: 'is all the world invisible in this country? It is much easier to fight in Lower Britany against Englishmen, than to meet with people at Versailles, with whom one hath business.' He amused himself for some time with relating his amours to his countrymen; but the clock striking, recalled the soldier to his post, when a mutual promise was given of meeting on the morrow. The Huron remained another half hour in the anti-chamber, ruminating upon Miss St. Yves, and the difficulty of speaking to kings and first clerks.

At length the patron appeared. 'Sir,' said the ingenuous Hercules, 'if I had waited to repulse the English as long as you have made me wait for my audience, they would certainly have ravaged all Lower Britany without opposition.' These words struck the clerk. He at length said to the inhabitant of Britany, 'What is your request?'—'A recompence,' said the other; 'these are my titles,' shewing his certificates. The clerk read, and told him, that probably he might obtain leave to purchase a lieutenantancy. 'Me! what, must I pay money for having repulsed the English? Must I pay a tax to be killed for you, whilst you are peaceably giving your audiences here? You are certainly jesting. I require a company of cavalry for nothing. I require that the king shall set Miss St. Yves at liberty from the convent, and that he give her me in marriage. I want to speak to the king in favour of 50,000 families, whom I propose restoring to him. In a word, I want to be useful; let me be employed and advanced.'

'What is your name, Sir, who talk in such a high stile?'—'Oh! oh!' answered the Huron; 'you have not then read my certificates? This is the way they are treated! My name is *Hercules de Kerkabon*, I am christened, and I lodge at the Blue Dial.' The clerk concluded, like the people at Saumur, that his head was turned, and did not pay him any farther attention.

The same day, the Reverend Father de la Chaise, confessor to Lewis XIV. received his spy's letter, which accused the Breton Kerkabon of favouring in his

heart the Huguenots, and condemning the conduct of the Jesuits. M. de Louvois had, on his side, received a letter from the inquisitive bailiff, which depicted the Huron as a wicked, lewd fellow, inclined to burn convents, and carry off the nuns.

Hercules, after having walked in the gardens of Versailles, which had become irksome to him; after having supped like a native of Huronia and Lower Britany; was gone to rest, in the pleasing hope of seeing the king next day; obtaining Miss St. Yves in marriage; having, at least, a company of cavalry; and of setting aside the persecution against the Huguenots. He was rocking himself asleep with these flattering ideas, when the *Marchaussee* entered his chamber, and seized upon his double-charged fuscée and his great sabre.

They took an inventory of his ready money, and then conducted him to the castle erected by King Charles V. son to John II. near the street of St. Antoine, at the gate des Tournelles.

What was the Huron's astonishment in his way thither, the reader is left to imagine. He at first fancied it was all a dream; and remained for some time in a state of stupefaction: presently transported with rage, that gave him more than common strength, he collared two of his conductors who were with him in the coach, flung them out of the door, cast himself after them, and then dragged the third, who wanted to hold him. He fell in the attempt, when they tied him; and replaced him in the carriage. 'This then,' said he, 'is what one gets by driving the English out of Lower Britany! What wouldst thou say, charming Miss St. Yves, if thou didst see me in this situation!'

They at length arrived at the place of their destination. He was carried without any noise into the chamber in which he was to be locked up, like a dead corpse going to the grave. This room was already occupied by an old solitary student of Port Royal, named Gordon, who had been languishing there for two years. 'See,' said the chief of the *Marchaussee*, 'here is company I bring you;' and immediately the enormous bolts of this strong door, secured with large iron bars, were fastened upon them. These two captives were thus separated from all the universe besides.

C H A P.

CHAP. X.

THE HURON IS SHUT UP IN THE
BASTILE WITH A JANSENIST.

MR. Gordon was a healthy old man, of a serene disposition, who was acquainted with two great things; the one was, to bear adversity; the other, to console the afflicted. He approached his companion with an open sympathizing air, and said to him, whilst he embraced him—"Whoever thou art that is come to partake of my grave, be assured, that I shall constantly forget myself to soften your torments in the infernal abyss wherein we are plunged. Let us adore Providence that has conducted us here. Let us suffer in peace, and trust in hope." These words had the same effect upon the youth, as English drops, which recal a dying person to life, and shew to his astonished eyes a glimpse of light.

After the first compliments were over, Gordon, without urging him to relate the cause of his misfortune, inspired him by the sweetness of his discourse, and by that interest which two unfortunate persons share with each other, with a desire of opening his heart, and of disburthening himself of the weight which oppressed him; but he could not guess the cause of his misfortune, and the good man Gordon was as much astonished as himself.

"God must doubtless," said the Jansenist to the Huron, "have great designs upon you, since he conducted you from Lake Ontario into England, from thence to France; caused you to be baptized in Lower Britany, and has now lodged you here for your salvation."—"I faith," replied Hercules, "I believe the devil alone has interfered in my destiny. My countrymen in America would never have treated me with the barbarity that I have experienced; they have not the least idea of it. They are called savages—they are good people, but rustick; and the men of this country are refined villains. I am, indeed," said he, "greatly surprized to have come from another world to be shut up in this, under four bolts, with a priest; but I consider what an infinite number of men set out from one hemisphere to go and get killed in the other, or are cast away in the voyage, and are eaten

by the fishes. I cannot discover the gracious designs of God over all the people."

Their dinner was brought them through a wicket. The conversation turned upon Providence; letters de cachet, and upon the art of not sinking under disgrace, to which all men in this world were exposed. "It is two years since I have been here," said the old man, "without any other consolation than myself and books; and yet I have never been a single moment out of temper."

"Ah, Mr. Gordon," cried Hercules, "you are not then in love with your god-mother; if you were as well acquainted with Miss St. Yves as I am, you would be in a state of desperation." At these words he could not refrain from tears, which greatly relieved him from his oppression. "How is it, then, that tears solace us? It seems to me that they should have a quite opposite effect."—"My son," said the good old man, "every thing is physical about us; all secretions are useful to the body, and all that comforts it, comforts the soul: we are the machines of Providence."

The ingenuous Huron, who, as we have already observed more than once, had a great share of understanding, entered deeply into the consideration of this idea, the seeds whereof appeared to be in himself. After which he asked his companion, why his machine had for two years been confined by four bolts. "By effectual grace," answered Gordon: "I pass for a Jansenist; I know Arnaud and Nicole, the Jesuits, have persecuted us. We believe that the pope is nothing more than a bishop like another, and therefore Father la Chaise has obtained from the king his penitent, an order for robbing me, without any form of justice, of the most precious inheritance of man, liberty."—"This is very strange," said the Huron; "all the unhappy people I have met with, have been made so solely by the pope."

"With respect to your effectual grace," I acknowledge, I do not understand what you mean; but I consider it as a very great favour, that God has let me in my misfortunes meet with a man, who pours into my heart such consolation as I thought myself incapable of receiving."

The conversation became each day more interesting and instructive. The souls

souls of two captives seemed to unite in one body. The old man knew a great deal, and the young man was willing to acquire much instruction. At the end of the first month, he eagerly applied himself to the study of geometry. Gordon made him read Rohault's *Physicks*, which book was still in fashion; and he had good sense enough to find in it nothing but doubts and uncertainties.

He afterwards read the first volume of the *Enquiry after Truth*. This instructive work gave him new light. 'What!' said he, 'does our imagination and our senses deceive us to that degree! What, are not our ideas formed by objects, and can we not acquire them by ourselves!' When he had gone through the second volume, he was not so well satisfied; and he concluded it was much easier to destroy than to build.

His colleague, astonished that a young ignoramus should make such a remark, conceived a very high opinion of his understanding, and was more strongly attached to him.

'Your Malebranche,' said he to Gordon one day, 'seems to have written half his book whilst he was in possession of his reason, and the other half with the assistance only of imagination and prejudice.'

Some days after, Gordon asked him, what he thought of the soul, and the manner in which we receive our ideas; of volition, grace, and free agency. 'No,' he replied, 'the *Huron*. 'If I think something, it is, that we are under the power of the Eternal Being, like the stars and the elements; that he operates every thing in us; that we are small wheels of the immense machine, of which he is the soul; that he acts according to general laws, and not from particular views; this is all that appears to me intelligible; all the rest is to me a dark abyss.'

'But this, my son, would be making God the author of sin!'—'But, father, your effectual grace would equally make him the author of sin; for certainly, all those to whom this grace were refused, would sin; and is not he who gives us up to evil, the author of evil?'

This sincerity greatly embarrassed the good man; he found that all his endeavours to extricate himself from this quagmire were ineffectual; and he heaped such quantities of words upon one ano-

ther, which seemed to have meaning, but which in fact had none, (in the stile of physical pre-motion) that the *Huron* could not help pitying him. This question evidently determined the origin of good and evil; and poor Gordon was reduced to the necessity of recurring to Pandora's box, Orosmade's egg pierced by Arimane, the enmity between Typhon and Osiris, and at last original sin; and these he huddled together in profound darkness, without their throwing the least glimmering light upon one another. However, this romance of the soul diverted their thoughts from the contemplation of their own misery; and by a strange magick, the multitude of calamities dispersed throughout the world, diminished the sensation of their own miseries; they did not dare complain, when all mankind was in a state of suffering.

But in the repose of night, the image of the charming Miss St. Yves effaced from the mind of her lover every metaphysical and moral idea. He awoke with his eyes bathed in tears; and the old Jansenist forgot his effectual grace, and the abbé of St. Ciran, and Jansenius himself, to allow consolation to a youth whom he judged guilty of a mortal sin.

After their lectures and their reasonings were over, their adventures furnished them with subjects of conversation; and after this store was exhausted, they read together, or separately. The *Huron's* understanding daily increased; and he would certainly have made great progress in the mathematics, if the thoughts of Miss St. Yves had not frequently distracted him.

He read histories, which made him melancholy. The world appeared to him too wicked and too miserable. In fact, history is nothing more than a picture of crimes and misfortunes. The crowd of innocent and peaceable men are always invisible upon this vast theatre. The *dramatis persone* are composed of ambitious, perverse men. The pleasure which history affords, is derived from the same source as tragedy, which would languish and become insipid, were it not inspired with strong passions, great crimes, and piteous misfortunes. *Clio* must be armed with a poniard as well as *Melpomene*.

Though the history of France is not less filled with horror than those of other nations, it nevertheless appeared to him so disgusting in the beginning, so dry in the

the continuation, and so trifling in the end, even in the time of Henry IV. ever destitute of grand monuments, or foreign to those fine discoveries which have illustrated other nations; that he was obliged to resolve upon not being tired, to go through all the particulars of obscure calamities confined to a little corner of the world.

Gordon thought like him. They both laughed with pity, when they read of the sovereigns of Fezensacs, Felsanaguet, and Atrac: such a study could be relished only by their heirs, if they had any. The brilliant ages of the Roman republic made him sometimes quite indifferent as to any other part of the globe. The spectacle of victorious Rome, the law-giver of nations, engrossed his whole soul. He glowed in contemplating a people who were governed for seven hundred years by the enthusiasm of liberty and glory.

Thus rolled days, weeks, and months; and he would have thought himself happy in the sanctuary of despair, if he had not loved.

The natural goodness of his heart was softened still more, when he reflected upon the prior of our Lady of the Mountain, and the sensible Kerkabon: 'What must they think,' he would often repeat, 'when they can get no tidings of me? They must think me an ungrateful wretch.' This idea rendered him inconsolable; he pitied those who loved him much more than he pitied himself.

CHAP. XI.

NOW THE HURON DISCLOSES HIS GENIUS.

READING aggrandizes the soul, and an enlightened friend affords consolation. Our captive had these two advantages in his favour, which he had never expected. 'I shall begin to believe in the Metamorphoses, for I have been transformed from a brute into a man.' He formed a chosen library with part of the money which he was allowed to dispose of. His friend encouraged him to commit to writing such observations as occurred to him. These are his notes upon ancient history.

'I imagine that nations were for a long time like myself; that they did not become enlightened till very late; that for many ages they were occupied with

nothing but the present moment which elapsed; that they thought very little of what was passed, and never of the future. I have traversed five or six hundred leagues in Canada, and I did not meet with a single monument: no one is any way acquainted with the actions of his predecessors. Is not this the natural state of man? The human species of this continent appear to me superior to that of the other. They have extended their being for many ages by arts and knowledge. Is this because they have beards upon their chins, and God has refused this ornament to the Americans? I do not believe it; for I find the Chinese have very little beard, and that they have cultivated arts for upwards of five thousand years. In effect, if their annals go back upwards of four thousand years, the nation must necessarily have been united, and in a flourishing state, more than five hundred centuries.

'One thing particularly strikes me in this ancient history of China, which is, that almost every thing is probable and natural. I admire it because it is not tinged with any thing of the marvellous. !!!

'Why have all other nations adopted fabulous origins? The ancient chronicles of the history of France, who by the bye are not very ancient, make the French descend from one Francus, the son of Hector. The Romans said, they were the issue of a Phrygian, though there was not in their whole language a single word that had the least connection with the language of Phrygia. The gods had inhabited Egypt for ten thousand years, and the devils Scythia, where they had engendered the Huns. I meet with nothing before Thucydides but romances similar to the Amadis's, and far less amusing. Apparitions, oracles, prodigies, sorcery, metamorphoses, are interspersed throughout, with the explanation of dreams, which are the bases of the destiny of the greatest empires and the smallest states: here are speaking beasts, there brutes that are adored, gods transformed into men, and men into gods. If we must have fables, let us, at least, have such as appear the emblem of truth. I admire the fables of philosophers, but I laugh at those of children, and I hate those of impostors.'

He one day hit upon a history of the Emperor

Emperor Justinian. It was there related, that some Apedeutes of Constantinople had delivered, in very bad Greek, an edict against the greatest Captain of the age, because this hero had uttered the following words in the warmth of conversation—'Truth shines forth with its proper light, and people's minds are not illumined with flaming piles.' The Apedeutes declared, that this proposition was heretical, bordering upon heresy; and that the contrary action was catholic, universal, and Grecian: 'The minds of the people are not enlightened but with flaming piles, and truth cannot shine forth with its own light.' These Linoistolians thus condemned several discourses of the Captain, and published an edict.

'What!' said the Huron, with much emotion, 'shall such people publish edicts?'—'They are not edicts,' replied Gordon; 'they are contradictions, which all the world laughed at in Constantinople, and the emperor the first. He was a wise prince, who knew how to reduce the Linoistolian Apedeutes to a state incapable of doing any thing but good. He knew that these gentlemen, and several other Pastophores, had tired the patience of the emperors, his predecessors, with contradictions in more serious matters.'—'He did very right,' said the Huron; 'the Pastophores should be supported and constrained.'

He committed several other observations to paper, which astonished old Gordon. 'What!' said he to himself, 'have I consumed fifty years in instruction, and I fear I have not attained to the degree of natural good sense of this child, who is almost a savage! I tremble to think I have so arduously strengthened prejudices, and he listens to simple nature only.'

The good man had some little books of criticism, some of those periodical pamphlets, wherein men incapable of producing any thing themselves, blacken the productions of others; where a *Vissé* insults a *Racine*, and a *Faidit* a *Penelon*. The Huron ran over some of them. 'I compare them to certain gnats, that lodge their eggs in the posteriors of the finest horses, which do not, however, prevent their running.' The two philosophers scarce deigned to cast their eyes upon these excrements of literature.

They soon after went through the elements of astronomy. The Huron sent for some globes: he was ravished at this great spectacle. 'How hard it is,' said he, 'that I should only begin to be acquainted with heaven, when the power of contemplating it is ravished from me! Jupiter and Saturn revolve in these immense spaces;—millions of suns illumine myriads of worlds; and in this corner of the earth whither I am cast, there are beings that deprive me of seeing and thinking of those worlds whither my eye might reach, and even that in which God created me! The light created for the whole universe is lost to me. It was not hidden from me in the northern horizon, where I passed my infancy and youth. Without you, my dear Gordon, I should be annihilated.'

CHAP. XII.

THE HURON'S SENTIMENTS UPON THEATRICAL PIECES.

THE young Huron resembled one of those vigorous trees, which planted in an ungrateful soil, extends in a little time its root and branches, when transplanted to a more favourable spot; and it was very extraordinary that this favourable spot should be a prison.

Among the books which employed the leisure of the two captives, were some poems, and the translations of Greek tragedies, and some dramatick pieces in French. Those passages that dwelt on love, communicated at once pleasure and pain to the soul of the Huron. They were but so many images of his dear *Miss St. Yves*. The fable of the two pigeons rent his heart; but he was far estranged from his tender dove.

Moliere enchanted him. He taught him the manners of Paris and of human nature. 'To which of his comedies do you give the preference?'—'Doubtless to his *Tartuffe*.'—'I am of your opinion,' said Gordon; 'it was a *Tartuffe* that flung me into this dungeon, and perhaps they were *Tartuffes* who have been the cause of your misfortunes.'

'What do you think of these Greek tragedies?'—'They are very good for Grecians.' But when he read the modern *Iphigenia*, *Phædrus*, *Andromache*, and

and Achalla, he was in ecstasy, he sighed, he wept; and he learned them by heart, without having any such intention.

'Read *Rodogune*,' said Gordon; 'that is said to be a capital production; the other pieces which have given you so much pleasure, are trifles compared to this.' The young man had scarce got through the first page, before he said—'This is not wrote by the same author.'—'How do you know it?'—'I know nothing yet; but these lines touch neither my ear nor my heart.'—'Oh!' said Gordon, 'the verification does not signify.' The Huron asked—'What must I judge by, then?'

After having read the piece very attentively, without any other design than being pleased, he looked steadfastly at his friend with much astonishment, not knowing what to say. At length, being urged to give his opinion, with respect to what he felt, this was the answer he made: 'I understood very little of the beginning; the middle disgusted me; but the last scene greatly moved me, though there appears to me but little probability in it. I have no prejudices for, or against any one, but I do not remember twenty lines, I who recollect them all when they please me.'

'This piece, nevertheless, passes for the best upon our stage.'—'If that be the case,' said he, 'it is perhaps like many people, who are not worthy of the places they hold. After all, this is a matter of taste, and mine cannot yet be formed. I may be mistaken; but you know I am accustomed to say what I think, or rather what I feel. I suspect that illusion, fashion, caprice, often warp the judgments of men.' Here he repeated some lines from *Iphigenia*, which he was full of; and though he disclaimed but indifferently, he uttered them with such truth and sensation, that he made the old Jansenist weep. He then read *Cinna*, which did not excite his tears but his admiration.

CHAP. XIII.

THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ST. YVES GOES TO VERSAILLES,

WHILST the unfortunate Hercules was more enlightened than consoled; whilst his genius, so long stifled, unfolded itself with so much rapidity

and strength; whilst nature, which was attaining a degree of perfection in him, avenged herself of the outrages of fortune; what became of the prior, his good sister, and the beautiful recluse Miss St. Yves? The first month they were uneasy, and the third they were immersed in sorrow. False conjectures, ill-grounded reports, alarmed them. At the end of six months, it was concluded he was dead. At length, Mr. and Miss Kerkabon learned, by a letter of ancient date, which one of the king's guards had wrote to Britany, that a young man resembling the Huron, arrived one night at Versailles, but that since that time no one had heard him spoken of.

'Alas!' said Miss Kerkabon, 'our nephew has done some ridiculous thing, which has brought on some terrible consequences. He is young, a Low Breton, and cannot know how to behave at court. My dear brother, I never saw Versailles nor Paris; here is a fine opportunity, and we shall, perhaps, find our poor nephew; he is our brother's son, and it is our duty to assist him. Who knows, we may perhaps at length prevail upon him to become a *sub-deacon*, when the fire of youth is somewhat abated. He was much inclined to the sciences. Do you recollect how he reasoned upon the Old and New Testament? We are answerable for his soul; he was baptized at our instigation. His dear mistress Miss St. Yves does nothing but weep incessantly. Indeed we must go to Paris. If he is concealed in any of those infamous houses of pleasure which I have often heard of, we will get him out.' The prior was affected at his sister's discourse. He went in search of the Bishop of St. Malo's, who had baptized the Huron, and requested his protection and advice. The prelate approved of the journey. He gave the prior letters of recommendation to Father la Chaise, the king's confessor, who was invested with the first dignity in the kingdom; to Harlai, the Archbishop of Paris; and to Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux.

At length, the brother and sister set out; but when they came to Paris, they found themselves bewildered in a great labyrinth without clue or end. Their fortune was but middling, and they had occasion every day for carriages to pursue their discovery, which they could not accomplish,

The prior waited upon the Reverend Father la Chaise: he was with Mademoiselle du Tron, and could not give audience to priors. He went to the archbishop's door: the prelate was shut up with the beautiful Mademoiselle de Lefdiguières about church matters. He flew to the country-house of the Bishop of Meaux: he was upon a close examination, with Mademoiselle de Maulcon, of the mystical amour of Mademoiselle Guyon. At length, however, he gained access to these two prelates; they both declared, they could not interfere with regard to his nephew, as he was not a sub-deacon.

He at length saw the Jesuit, who received him with open arms, protesting he had always entertained the greatest private esteem for him, though he had never known him. He swore that his society had always been attached to the inhabitants of Lower Brittany. 'But,' said he, 'has not your nephew the misfortune of being a Huguenot?'—'No certainly, Reverend Father.'—'May he not be a Jansenist?'—'I can assure your Reverence, that he is scarce a Christian.' 'It is about eleven months since he was christened.'—'This is very well; we will take care of him. Is your benefice considerable?'—'No, a very trifle, and our nephew costs us a great deal.'—'Are there any Jansenists in your neighbourhood? Take great care, my dear Mr. Prior, they are more dangerous than Huguenots, or even Atheists.'—'My Reverend Father, we have none; it is not even known at our Lady of the Mountain what Jansenism is.'—'So much the better; go, there is nothing I will not do for you.' He dismissed the prior in this affectionate manner, but thought no more about him.

Time slipped away, and the prior and his good sister were almost in despair.

In the mean while, the cursed bailiff urged very strenuously the marriage of his great booby son with the beautiful Miss St. Yves, who was taken purposely out of the convent. She always entertained a passion for her god-son, in proportion as she detested the husband who was designed for her. The insult that had been offered her, by shutting her up in a convent, increased her affection; and the mandate for wedding the bailiff's son complicated her antipathy for him. Chagrin, tenderness, and terror, racked her soul. Love, we know, is much more inventive

and more daring in a young woman, than friendship in an aged prior, and an aunt upwards of forty-five. Besides, she had received good instructions in her convent, with the assistance of romances, which she read by stealth.

The beautiful Miss St. Yves remembered the letter that had been written by a life-guard-man to Lower Brittany, and which had been spoken of in the province. She resolved to go herself and gain information at Versailles; to throw herself at the minister's feet, if her husband should be in prison, as it was said; and obtain justice for him. I know not what secret intelligence she had gained, that at court nothing is refused a pretty woman. But she knew not the price of these boons.

Having taken this resolution, it afforded her some consolation; and she enjoyed some tranquillity, without upbraiding Providence with the severity of her lot. She receives her detested, intended father-in-law, caresses the brother, and spreads happiness throughout the house. On the day appointed for the ceremony, she secretly departs at four o'clock in the morning, with the little nuptial presents she had received, and all she could gather. Her plan was so well laid, that she was above ten leagues upon her journey, when, about noon, her absence was discovered, and when every one's consternation and surprize was inexpressible. The inquisitive bailiff asked more questions that day than he had done for a week before; the intended bridegroom was more stupified than ever. The abbé St. Yves resolved in his rage to pursue his sister. The bailiff and his son were disposed to accompany him. Their fate led almost the whole canton of Lower Brittany to Paris.

The beautiful Miss St. Yves was not without apprehensions that she should be pursued. She rode on horseback, and she got all the intelligence she could, without being suspected, from the couriers, if they had not met a fat abbé, an enormous bailiff, and a young booby, galloping as fast as they could to Paris. Having learned, on the third day, that they were not far behind, she took a quite different road, and was skilful and lucky enough to arrive at Versailles, whilst they were in a fruitless pursuit after her, at Paris. But how was she to behave at Versailles? Young, handsome, untutored, unsupported, unknown, exposed to every

every danger, how could she dare go in search of one of the king's guards? She had some thoughts of applying to a Jesuit of low rank; for there were some for every station of life; as God, they say, has given different aliments to every species of animals. He had given the king his confessor, who was called by all solicitors of benefices, the head of the Gallican church. Then came the prince's confessors; the ministers had none; they were not such dupes. There were Jesuits for genteel mob, and particularly those for chambermaids, by whom were known the secrets of their mistresses; and this was no small vocation. The beautiful Miss St. Yves addressed herself to one of these last, who was called Father Tout-à-tous (all to every one.) She confessed to him, set forth her adventure, her situation, her danger, and conjured him to get her a lodging with some good devotee, who might shelter her from temptations.

Father Tout-à-tous introduced her to the wife of the cup-bearer, one of his most trusty penitents. From the moment Miss St. Yves became her lodger, she did her utmost to obtain the confidence and friendship of this woman. She gained intelligence of the Breton-guard, and invited him to visit her. Having learned from him, that her lover had been carried off after having had a conference with one of the first clerks, she flew to this clerk. The sight of a fine woman softened him, for it must be allowed, God created woman only to tame mankind.

The scribe thus mollified, acknowledged to her every thing. 'Your lover has been in the Bastile almost a year; and without your intercession he would, perhaps, have ended his days there.' The tender Miss St. Yves swooned at this intelligence. When she had recovered herself, the penman told her—'I have no power to do good; all my influence extends to doing harm sometimes. Take my advice, wait upon M. de St. Pouange, who has the power of doing both good and ill; he is Monfr. de Louvois's cousin and favourite. This minister has two souls: the one is M. de St. Pouange, and Mademoiselle de Belley is the other, but she is at present absent from Versailles; so that you have nothing to do but captivate the protector I have pointed out to you. The beautiful

Miss St. Yves, divided between some trifling joy and excessive grief, between a glimmering of hope and dreadful apprehensions—pursued by her brother, idolizing her lover, wiping her tears, which flowed in torrents; trembling and feeble, yet summoning all her courage;—in this situation, she flew on the wings of love to M. de St. Pouange's.

C H A P. XIV.

THE PROGRESS OF THE HURON'S INTELLECTS.

THE ingenuous youth was making a rapid progress in the sciences, and particularly in the science of man. The cause of this sudden disclosure of his understanding, was as much owing to his savage education, as to the disposition of his soul; for having learned nothing in his infancy, he had not imbibed any prejudices. His mind having not been warped by error, had retained all its primitive rectitude. He saw things as they were; whereas the ideas that are communicated to us in our infancy, make us see them all our life in a false light. 'Your persecutors are abominable wretches,' said he to his friend Gordon. 'I pity you for being oppressed, but I condemn you for being a Jesuit. All sects appear to me to be founded in error; tell me if there be any sectaries in geometry?'—'No, my child,' said the good old Gordon, heaving a deep sigh; 'all men are agreed concerning truth when demonstrated; but they are too much divided about latent truths.'—'If there were but one single hidden truth in your load of arguments, which have been so often sifted for such a number of ages, it would doubtless have been discovered, and the universe would certainly have been unanimous, at least in that respect. If this truth had been necessary, as the sun is to the earth, it would have been as brilliant as that planet. It is an absurdity, an insult to human nature; it is an attack upon the Infinite and Supreme Being, to say there is a truth essential to the happiness of man, which God conceals.'

All that this ignorant youth, instructed only by nature, said, made a very deep impression upon the mind of the old unhappy scholiast. 'Is it really

certain,' he cried, 'that I should have made myself truly miserable for mere chimeras? I am much more certain of my misery than of effectual grace. I have spent my time in reasoning upon the liberty of God and human nature, but I have lost my own; neither St. Augustin nor St. Prosper will extricate me from my present misfortunes.'

The ingenuous Huron, who gave way to his natural characteristic, at length said—'Will you give me leave to speak to you boldly and frankly? Those who bring upon themselves persecution for such idle disputes, seem to me to have very little sense; those who persecute, appear to me very monsters.'

The two captives entirely coincided with respect to the injustice of their captivity. 'I am a hundred times more to be pitied than you,' said the Huron; 'I am born free as the air: I had two lives, liberty and the object of my love; and I am deprived of both. We are both in fetters, without knowing who put them on us, or without being able to enquire. I lived a Huron for twenty years. It is said they are barbarians, because they avenge themselves of their enemies; but they never oppress their friends. I had scarce set foot in France, before I shed my blood for this country: I have, perhaps, preserved a whole province, and my recompence is, being swallowed up in this sepulchre of the living, where I should have died with rage, had it not been for you. There must then be no laws in this country. Men are condemned without being heard! This is not the case in England. Alas! it was not against the English I should have fought.' Thus his growing philosophy could not brook nature being insulted in the first of her rights, and he gave vent to his just choler.

His companion did not contradict him. Absence ever increases ungratified love, and philosophy does not diminish it. He as frequently spoke of his dear Miss St. Yves, as he did of morality or metaphysics. The more he purified his sentiments, the more he loved. He read some new romances; but he met with few that depicted to him the real state of his soul. He always felt that his heart stretched beyond the bounds of his author. 'Alas!' said he, 'almost all these writers have nothing but wit and art.' At length, the good Jan-

senist priest became, insensibly, the confidant of his tenderness. He was hitherto acquainted with love as a sin, with which a penitent accuses himself at confession. He now learned to know it as a sentiment equally noble and tender; which can elevate the soul as well as soften it, and can produce, sometimes, virtues. In fine, for the last miracle, a Huron converted a Jansenist.

CHAP. XV.

THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ST. YVES RESISTS SOME DELICATE PROPOSALS.

THE charming Miss St. Yves, still more afflicted than her lover, waited accordingly upon M. de St. Pouange, accompanied by her friend with whom she lodged, each having their faces covered with their hoods. The first thing she saw at the door was the abbé St. Yves, her brother, coming out. She was terrified, but her pious friend supported her spirits. 'For the very reason,' said she, 'that people have been speaking against you, speak to him yourself. You may be assured that the accusers in this part of the world are always in the right, unless they are immediately detected. Besides, your presence will have greater effect, or else I am much mistaken, than the words of your brother.'

Ever so little encouragement to a passionate lover, makes her intrepid. Miss St. Yves appears at the audience. Her youth, her charms, her languishing eyes, moistened with some involuntary tears, attract every one's attention. Every sycophant to the deputy minister forgot, for an instant, the idol of power, to contemplate that of beauty. St. Pouange conducted her into a closet; she spoke with an affecting grace; St. Pouange felt some emotion. She trembled, but he told her not to be afraid. 'Return to-night,' said he; 'your business requires some reflection, and it must be discussed at leisure. There are too many people here at present. Audiences are rapidly dispatched. I must get to the bottom of all that concerns you.' He then paid her some compliments upon her beauty and manner of thinking, and advised her to come at seven in the evening.

She did not fail attending at the hour appointed.

appointed, and her pious friend again accompanied her; but she kept in the hall, where she was reading the Christian Pedagogue, whilst St. Pouange and the beautiful Miss St. Yves were in the back closet. He began by saying—
 ‘Would you believe it, Miss, that your brother has been to request me to grant him a *lettre de cachet* against you; but, indeed, I would sooner grant one to send him back to Lower Britany.’
 —‘Alas! Sir,’ said she, ‘*lettres de cachet* are granted very liberally in your offices, since people come from the extremity of the kingdom to solicit them like pensions. I am very far from requesting one against my brother, yet I have much reason to complain of him; but I respect the liberty of mankind; and therefore supplicate for that of a man whom I want to make my husband; of a man, to whom the king is indebted for the preservation of a province; who can beneficially serve him; and who is the son of an officer killed in his service.’—‘What is he accused of? How could he be treated so cruelly without being heard?’

The deputy minister then shewed her the letter of the spy Jesuit, and that of the perfidious bailiff. ‘What,’ said she with astonishment, ‘are there such monsters upon earth! And would they force me to marry the stupid son of a ridiculous wicked man! And is it upon such evidence that the fate of citizens is determined?’ She threw herself upon her knees, and with a flood of tears solicited the freedom of a brave man, who adored her. Her charms appeared to the greatest advantage in such a situation. She was so beautiful, that St. Pouange, bereft of all shame, insinuated to her, that she would succeed, if she began by yielding him the first-fruits of what she reserved for her lover. Miss St. Yves, shocked and confused, pretended, for some time, not to understand him; and he was obliged to explain himself more clearly. One word used with some reserve, brought on another less delicate, which was succeeded by one still more expressive. The revocation of the *lettre de cachet* was not only proposed, but pecuniary recompences, honours and places; and the more he promised, the greater was his desire of not being refused.

Miss St. Yves wept, whilst her anguish almost choked her, half resting upon a

sopha, scarce able to believe what she saw and heard. St. Pouange, in turn, threw himself upon his knees. He was not disagreeable, and might not so much have shocked a heart less prepossessed; but Miss St. Yves adored her lover, and thought it the greatest of crimes to betray him, in order to serve him. St. Pouange renewed with greater fervency his prayers and entreaties. He at length went so far as to say, this was the only means of obtaining the liberty of the man, whose interest she had so violently and affectionately at heart. This uncommon conversation continued for a long time. The devotee in the antichamber, in reading her *Christian Pedagogue*, said to herself—‘My God! What can they be doing there for these two hours? My Lord St. Pouange never before gave so long an audience; perhaps he has refused every thing to this poor girl, and she still is entreating him.’

At length her companion came out of the closet in the greatest confusion, without being able to speak, in deep meditation upon the character of the great and the half great, who so slightly sacrifices the liberty of men and the honour of women.

She did not utter a syllable all the way back. But being returned to her friend’s, she burst out, and told all that had happened. Her pious friend made frequent signs of the cross. ‘My dear friend,’ said she, ‘you must consult to-morrow Father Tout à tous, our director; he has much influence over M. de St. Pouange; he is confessor to many of the female servants of the house; he is a pious accommodating man, who has also the direction of some women of fashion. Yield to him; this is my way; and I always found myself right. We weak women stand in need of a man to lead us: and so, my dear friend, I’ll go to-morrow in search of Father Tout à tous.’

CHAP. XVI.

SHE CONSULTS A JESUIT.

NO sooner was the beautiful and disconsolate Miss St. Yves with her holy confessor, than she told him, that a powerful voluptuous man had proposed

to her to set at liberty the man whom she intended making her lawful husband, and that he required a great price for his service; that she held such infidelity in the highest detestation; and that if her life only had been required, she would much sooner have sacrificed it than have submitted.

'This is a most abominable sinner,' said Father Tout à tous. 'You should tell me the name of this vile man; he must certainly be some Jansenist; I will inform against him to his Reverence Father de la Chaise, who will place him in the situation of your dear beloved intended bridegroom.'

The poor girl, after much struggle and embarrassment, at length mentioned St. Pouange.

'My Lord St. Pouange!' cried the Jesuit. 'Ah! my child, the case is quite different; he is cousin to the greatest minister we have ever had; a man of worth, a protector of the good cause, a good Christian: he could not possibly entertain such a thought; you certainly must have misunderstood him.'—'Oh! father, I did but understand him too well.—I am lost on which ever side I turn; the only alternative I have to chuse is misery or shame; either my lover must be buried alive, or I must make myself unworthy of living. I cannot let him perish, nor can I save him.'

Father Tout à tous endeavoured to console her with these gentle expressions:

'In the first place, my child, never use the word *lover*; it intimates something worldly, which may offend God: say my *husband*; for although he is not yet your husband, you consider him as such, and nothing can be more decent.

'Secondly, though he be ideally your husband, and you are in hopes he will be such, he is not so in effect; consequently, you will not commit adultery; an enormous sin, that should always be avoided as much as possible.

'Thirdly, actions are not maliciously culpable, when the intention is virtuous; and nothing can be more virtuous than to procure your husband his liberty.

'Fourthly, you have examples in holy antiquity, that may miraculously serve you for a guide. St. Augustin relates, that under the proconsulate of

Septimius Acyndinus, in the 340th year of our salvation, a poor man could not pay unto Caesar what belonged to Caesar, and was justly condemned to die, notwithstanding the maxim, *Where there is nothing, the king must lose his right*. The object in question was a pound of gold. The culprit had a wife, in whom God had united beauty and prudence. An old miser promised to give a pound of gold, and even more to the lady, upon condition that he committed with her the sin of uncleanness. The lady thought she did not act wrong to save her husband's life. St. Augustin highly approves of her generous resignation. It is true, that the old miser cheated her, and, perhaps, her husband was nevertheless hanged; but she did all that was in her power to save his life. You may assure yourself, my child, that when a Jesuit quotes you St. Augustin, that saint must certainly have been in the right. I advise you to nothing; you are prudent, and it is to be presumed, that you will do your husband a service. My Lord St. Pouange is an honest man; he will not deceive you; this is all I can say: I will pray to God for you; and I hope every thing will take place for his glory.'

The beautiful Miss St. Yves, who was not less terrified with the Jesuit's discourse than with the proposals of the deputy minister, returned in despair to her friend. She was tempted to deliver herself by death from the horror of leaving in a shocking captivity the lover she adored, and the shame of releasing him at the dearest of all prices, which was the sole property of this unfortunate lover.

CHAP. XVII.

SHE YIELDS THROUGH VIRTUE.

SHE entreated her friend to kill her; but this lady, who was full as indulgent as the Jesuit, spoke to her still more clearly. 'Alas!' said she, 'business is seldom carried on at this agreeable, gallant, and famous court, upon any other terms. The most considerable, as well as the most indifferent places are seldom given away, but at the price required of you. My dear, you

“you have inspired me with friendship and confidence; I will own to you, that if I had been as nice as you are, my husband would not enjoy the post upon which he lives; he knows it, and so far from being displeased, he considers me as his benefactress, and himself as my creature. Do you think, that all those who have been at the head of provinces, or even armies, have been indebted for their honours and fortunes solely to their services! There are some who are beholden to the ladies their wives. The dignities of war are solicited by the queen of love; and a place is given to him who has got the handsomest wife.”

“You are in a situation that is still more critical; the object is to let your lover see day-light, and to marry him; it is a sacred duty that you are to fulfil. No one has ever censured the great and beautiful ladies I mention to you; the world will applaud you: it will be said, that you only allowed yourself to be guilty of a weakness, through an excess of virtue.”—“Heavens!” cried Miss St. Yves, “what kind of virtue is this?—What a labyrinth of distress! What a world! What men to become acquainted with! A Father de la Chaise and a ridiculous bailiff imprison my lover; I am persecuted by my family; assistance is offered me, only that I may be dishonoured! A Jesuit has ruined a brave man; another Jesuit wants to ruin me: on every side snares are laid for me, and I am upon the very brink of destruction! I must, even, speak to the king; I will throw myself at his feet as he goes to mass or the play-house.”

“His attendants will not let you approach him,” said her good friend; “and if you should be so unfortunate as to speak to him, M. de Louvois, or the Reverend Father de la Chaise, might bury you in a convent for the rest of your days.”

Whilst this generous friend thus increased the perplexities of Miss St. Yves’s tortured soul, and plunged the dagger deeper in her heart, a messenger arrived from M. de St. Pouange with a letter, and two fine pendant ear-rings. Miss St. Yves, with tears, refused accepting of any part of the contents of the packet; but her friend took the charge of them upon herself.

As soon as the messenger was gone,

our confidante read the letter, in which a *petit-supper* (a little supper) was proposed to the two friends for that night. Miss St. Yves protested she would not go, whilst her pious friend endeavoured to make her try on the diamond ear-rings; but Miss St. Yves could not endure them, and opposed it all day long. At length, being entirely wrapped up in the contemplation of her lover, overcome and dragged along, not knowing whether she was carrying, she let herself be led to the fatal supper. She had remained inexorable to all entreaties of putting on the ear-rings; so that her confidante took them with her, and placed them in her ears, against her will, before they sat down to supper. Miss St. Yves was so confused and agitated, that she underwent this torment, and her patron considered it as a very favourable prognostick. Towards the end of the repast, her friend very prudently retired. Her patron then shewed her the revocation of the *lettre de cachet*, the grant of a considerable recompence, and a captain’s commission, which were accompanied with unlimited promises. “Ah!” said Miss St. Yves, with a deep sigh, “how much should I love you, if you did not desire to be loved so much!”

In a word, after a long resistance, shrieks, cries, and torrents of tears, weakened with the conflict, overwhelmed and languishing, she was compelled to yield; and the only consolation now left her, was, that she resolved to think of nothing but the ingenuous Huron, whilst her cruel ravisher relentlessly enjoyed the advantage of that necessity to which she was reduced.

CHAP. XVIII.

SHE DELIVERS HER LOVER AND A JANSENIST.

AT day-break she flew to Paris with the minister’s mandate. It would be difficult to depict the agitations of her mind in this journey. Image a virtuous and noble soul, humbled by its own reproaches, intoxicated with tenderness, distracted with the remorse of having betrayed her lover, and elated with the pleasure of releasing the object of her adoration. Her torments, her conflicts, her success, by turns engaged her reflections. She was no longer that

that innocent girl whose ideas were confined to a provincial education. Love and misfortunes had united to new-mould her. Sentiment had made as rapid a progress in her mind, as reason had in that of her unfortunate lover. Girls learn to feel more easily than men learn to think. Her adventure afforded her more instruction than four years confinement in a convent.

Her dress was dictated by the greatest simplicity. She viewed with horror the trappings with which she had appeared before her fatal benefactor; her companion had taken her ear-rings without her having before looked at them. Charmed and confused, idolizing the Huron and detesting herself, she at length arrived at the gate of that dreadful castle, the palace of vengeance, where oft crimes and innocence are alike immured*.

When she was upon the point of getting out of the coach, her strength failed her; some people came to her assistance: she entered, whilst her heart was in the greatest palpitation, her eyes streaming, and her whole frame bespoke the greatest consternation. She was presented to the governor; he was going to speak to her, but she had lost all power of expression: she shewed her order, whilst, with great difficulty, she articulated some accents. The governor entertained a great esteem for his prisoner, and he was greatly pleased at his being released. His heart was not callous, like those of most of his brethren, who think of nothing but the fees their captives are to pay them; extort their revenues from their victims; and living by the misery of others, conceive a horrid joy at the lamentations of the unfortunate.

He sent for the prisoner into his apartment. The two lovers swooned at the sight of each other. The beautiful Miss St. Yves remained for a long time motionless, without any symptoms of life; the other soon recalled his fortitude. 'This,' said the governor, 'is probably the lady your wife; you did not tell me you were married. I am informed, that it is through her generous solicitude that you have obtained your liberty.'—'Alas!' said the beautiful Miss Yves, in a faltering voice, 'I am not worthy of being his wife; and swooned again.'

When she recovered her senses, she presented, with a trembling hand, the grant and written promise of a company. The Huron, equally astonished and affected, awoke from one dream to fall into another. 'Why was I shut up here? How could you deliver me? Where are the monsters that immured me? You are a divinity sent from heaven to succour me.'

The beautiful Miss St. Yves, with a dejected air, looked at her lover, blushed, and instantly turned away her streaming eyes. In a word, they told him all she knew, and all she had undergone, except what she was willing to conceal forever, but which any other, except the Huron, more accustomed to the world, and better acquainted with the customs of courts, would have easily guessed.

'Is it possible that a wretch like the bailiff can have deprived me of my liberty? Alas! I find that men, like the vilest of animals, can all hurt. But is it possible that a monk, a Jesuit, the king's confessor, should have contributed to my misfortunes as much as the bailiff, without my being able to imagine under what pretence this detestable knave has persecuted me? Did he make me pass for a Jansenist? In fine, how came you to remember me? I did not deserve it; I was then only a savage. What! could you without advice, without assistance, undertake a journey to Versailles? You there appeared, and my fetters were broke! There must then be in beauty and virtue an invincible charm, that opens gates of adamant, and softens hearts of steel.'

At the word Virtue, a flood of tears issued from the eyes of the beautiful Miss St. Yves. She did not know how far she had been virtuous in the crime with which she reproached herself.

Her lover thus continued: 'Thou angel, who hast broken my chains, if thou hast had sufficient influence (which I cannot yet comprehend) to obtain justice for me, obtain it likewise for an old man, who first taught me to think, as thou didst to love. Misfortunes have united us; I love him as a father; I can neither live without thee nor him. I solicit!—The same man.—Who?—Yes, I will be beholden to

* De cet affreux chateau, palais de la vengeance,
Qui renferme souvent le crime & l'innocence.

'you for every thing, and I will owe nothing to any one but yourself. Write to this man in power, overwhelm me with kindnesses, compleat what you have begun, perfect your miracles.' She was sensible she ought to do every thing her lover desired. She wanted to write, but her hand refused it's office. She began her letter three times, and tore it as often; at length she got to the end, and the two lovers left the prison, after having embraced the old martyr to efficacious grace.

The happy yet disconsolate Miss St. Yves knew where her brother lodged: thither she repaired; and her lover took an apartment in the same house.

They had scarce reached their lodging, before her protector sent the order for releasing the good old Gordon, at the same time making an appointment with her for the next day.

Thus was every generous and laudable action of the beautiful Miss St. Yves performed at the price of her honour. She considered with detestation this practice of selling at once the happiness and misery of man. She gave the order of release to her lover, and refused the appointment of a benefactor, whom she could no more see without expiring with shame and grief. Her lover could not have left her upon any other errand than to release his friend. He flew to the place of his confinement, and fulfilled this duty in reflecting upon the strange vicissitudes of this world, and admiring the courageous virtue of a young lady, to whom two unfortunate men owed more than their life.

CHAP. XIX.

THE HURON, THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ST. YVES, AND THEIR RELATIONS, ARE CONVENED.

THE generous and respectable, but faithless girl, was with her brother the abbé de St. Yves, the good prior of the Mountain, and Lady de Kerkabon. They were equally astonished, but their situations and sentiments were very different. The abbé de St. Yves was expiating the wrongs he had done his sister at her feet, and she pardoned him. The prior and his sympathizing sister likewise wept, but it was for joy. The filthy bailiff and his insupportable son did not

trouble this affecting scene. They had set out upon the first report of their antagonist's being released; they flew to bury in their own province their folly and fear.

The four *dramatis personæ*, variously agitated, were waiting for the return of the young man, who was gone to deliver his friend. The abbé St. Yves did not dare raise his eyes to meet those of his sister: the good Kerkabon said—'I shall then see once more my dear nephew.'—'You will see him again,' said the charming Miss St. Yves, 'but he is no longer the same man; his behaviour, his manners, his ideas, his sense, all have undergone a compleat mutation; he is become as respectable, as he was ignorant and strange to every thing. He will be the honour and consolation of your family; could I also be the honour of mine!'—'What, are you not the same as you were?' said the prior. 'What then has happened to work so great a change?'

During this conversation the Huron returned with the Jansenist in his hand. The scene now was changed, and became more interesting. It began by the uncle and aunt's tender embraces. The Abbé de St. Yves almost kissed the knees of the ingenuous Huron, who, by the bye, was no longer ingenuous. The language of the eyes formed all the discourse of the two lovers, who, nevertheless, expressed every sentiment with which they were penetrated. Satisfaction and acknowledgment sparkled in the countenance of the one, whilst embarrassment was depicted in Miss St. Yves's melting eyes somewhat askant. Every one was astonished that she should mingle grief with so much joy.

The venerable Gordon soon endeared himself to the whole family. He had been unhappy with the young prisoner, and this was a sufficient title. He owed his deliverance to the two lovers, and this alone reconciled him to love: the acrimony of his former sentiments was dismissed from his heart; he was converted to a man, as well as the Huron. Every one related his adventures before supper. The two abbés and the aunt listened like children to the relation of stories of ghosts, and like men all interested in so many calamities. 'Alas!' said Gordon, 'there are perhaps upwards of five hundred virtuous people in the same fetters as Miss St. Yves has broken; their

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'misfortunes

' misfortunes are unknown. Many hands are found to strike the unhappy multitude, but seldom one to succour them.' This very just reflection increased his sensibility and gratitude; every thing heightened the triumph of the beautiful Miss St. Yves; the grandeur and intrepidity of her soul were the subjects of each one's admiration. This admiration was blended with that respect which we feel in despite of ourselves for a person whom we think has some influence at court. But the Abbé de St. Yves sometimes said—'What could my sister do, to obtain this influence so soon?'

Supper was ready, and every one seated very early; when lo! the worthy confidante of Versailles arrived, without being acquainted with any thing that had passed; she was in a coach and six, and it was easily seen to whom the equipage belonged. She entered with that air of authority assumed by people in power who have a great deal of business, saluted the company with much indifference, and pulling the beautiful Miss St. Yves on one side, said—'Why do you make people wait so long? Follow me; there are the diamonds you forgot.' However softly she uttered these expressions, the Huron, nevertheless, overheard them; he saw the diamonds; the brother was speechless; the uncle and aunt testified that kind of surprise common to good people, who had never before beheld such magnificence. The young man, whose mind was now formed by a twelve-month's reflections, could not help making some against his will, and was for a moment in anxiety. His mistress perceived it, and a mortal paleness spread itself over her countenance, a tremor seized her, and it was with difficulty she could support herself. 'Ah, Madam!' said she to her fatal friend, 'you have ruined me, you have given me the mortal blow.' These words pierced the heart of the Huron; but he had already learned to possess himself: he did not dwell upon them, lest he should make his mistress uneasy before her brother, but turned pale as well as her.

Miss St. Yves, distracted with the change she perceived in her lover's countenance, pulled the woman out of the room into the passage, and there threw the jewels at her feet, saying—'Alas! these were not my seducers, you know;

but he that gave them shall never set eyes on me again.' Her friend took them up, whilst Miss St. Yves added—'He may either take them again, or give them to you; be gone, and do not make me still more odious to myself.' The empress returned, not being able to comprehend the remorse to which she had been witness.

The beautiful Miss St. Yves, greatly oppressed, and feeling a revolution in her body that almost suffocated her, was compelled to go to bed; but that she might not alarm any one, she kept her pains and sufferings to herself; and, under pretence of only being weary, she asked leave to take a little rest; this, however, she did not do, till she had re-animated the company with consolatory and flattering expressions, and cast such a kind look upon her lover as darted fire into his soul.

The supper, which she was not fond of, was in the beginning gloomy; but this gloominess was of that interesting kind that affords attracting and useful conversation, so superior to that frivolous joy sought for, and which is usually nothing more than a troublesome noise.

Gordon, in a few words, gave the history of Jansenism and Molinism; of those persecutions with which one party hampered the other; and of the obstinacy of both. The Huron entered into a criticism thereupon, pitying those men who, not satisfied with all the confusion occasioned by their opposite interests, create evils by imaginary interests and unintelligible absurdities. Gordon related, the other judged; the guests listened with emotion, and gained new lights. The length of misfortunes, and the shortness of life, then became the topics. It was remarked that all professions have peculiar vices and dangers annexed to them; and that from the prince down to the lowest beggar, all seem alike to accuse Providence. How happens it that so many men, for so little, perform the office of persecutors, sergeants, and executioners, to others? With what inhuman indifference does a man in place sign the destruction of a family; and with what joy, still more barbarous, do mercenaries execute them?

'I saw in my youth,' said the good old Gordon, 'a relation of the Marshal de Marillac, who being persecuted in his own province on account of that illu-

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trious but unfortunate man, concealed himself under a borrowed name in Paris. He was an old man near seventy-two years of age. His wife, who accompanied him, was nearly of the same age. They had had a libertine son, who, at fourteen years of age, absconded from his father's house, turned soldier, and deserted; he had gone through every gradation of debauchery and misery: at length, having changed his name, he was in the guards of Cardinal Richelieu, (for this priest, as well as Mazarine, had guards) and had obtained an exempt's staff in their company of serjeants.

This adventurer was appointed to arrest the old man and his wife, and acquitted himself with all the obduracy of a man who was willing to please his master. As he was conducting them, he heard these two victims deplore the long succession of miseries which had befallen them from their cradle. This aged couple reckoned as one of their greatest misfortunes the wildness and loss of their son. He recollected them, but he nevertheless led them to prison; assuring them, that his reverence was to be served in preference to every body else. His eminence rewarded his zeal.

'I have seen a spy of Father de la Chaise betray his own brother, in hopes of a little benefice, which he did not obtain; and I saw him die, not of remorse, but of grief at having been cheated by the Jesuit.

'The vocation of a confessor, which I for a long while exercised, made me acquainted with the secrets of families. I have known very few, who, though immersed in the greatest distress, did not externally wear the mask of felicity, and every appearance of joy; and I have always observed, that great grief was the fruit of our unconstrained desires.'

'For my part,' said the Huron, 'I imagine, that a noble, grateful, sensible man, may always be happy; and I doubt not but to enjoy an unchequered felicity with the charming, generous, Miss St. Yves.—For I flatter myself,' added he, in addressing himself to her brother with a friendly smile, 'that you will not now refuse me as you did last year: besides, I shall pursue a more decent method.' The abbé was con-

founded in apologies for the past, and in protesting an eternal attachment.

Uncle Kerkabon said this would be the most glorious day of his whole life. His good aunt, in extasies and floods of joy, cried out—'I always said you would never be a sub-deacon; this sacrament is preferable to the other; would to God I had been honoured with it! but I will serve you for a mother.' And now every one vied with each other in applauding the gentle Miss St. Yves.

Her lover's heart was too full of what she had done for him, and he loved her too much, for the affair of the jewels to make any predominant impression on him. But those words which he too well heard, '*you have given me the mortal blow*,' still secretly terrified him, and interrupted all his joy, whilst the eulogiums paid his beautiful mistress still increased his love. In a word, nothing was thought of but her, nothing was mentioned but the happiness those two lovers deserved. A plan was agitated to live altogether at Paris, and schemes of grandeur and fortune succeeded: these hopes, which the smallest ray of happiness engenders, strongly operated. But the Huron felt in the secret recesses of his heart, a sentiment that exploded this illusion. He read over the promises signed by St. Pouange, and the commission signed Louvois; these men were painted to him such as they were, or such as they were thought to be. Every one spoke of the ministers and the administration with the freedom of convivial conversation, which is considered in France as the most precious liberty to be obtained on earth.

'If I were king of France,' said the Huron, 'this is the kind of minister that I would chuse for the war department. I would have a man of the highest birth, as he is to give orders to the nobility. I would require that he should himself have been an officer, and passed through the various gradations; or, at least, that he had attained the rank of Lieutenant General, and was worthy of being a Marshal of France. For is it not necessary that he should have served himself, to be acquainted with the details of the service; and will not officers obey with a hundred times more alacrity, a military man, who like themselves has been

signalized by his courage, than a mere man of the cabinet, who, at most, can only guess at the operations of a campaign, let him have ever so great a share of sense? I should not be displeased at my minister's generosity, even though it might sometimes embarrass a little the keeper of the royal treasure. I should chuse him to have a facility in business, and that he should distinguish himself by that kind of gaiety of mind, which is the lot of a man superior to business, so agreeable to the nation, and which renders the performance of every duty less irksome. This is the character he would have chosen for a minister, as he had constantly observed, that such an amiable disposition is incompatible with cruelty.

Monsieur de Louvois would not, perhaps, have been satisfied with the Huron's wishes; his merit lay in a different walk. But whilst they were still at table, the disorder of this unhappy girl took a fatal turn; her blood was on fire, the symptoms of a malignant fever had appeared; she suffered, but did not complain, unwilling to disturb the pleasure of the guests.

Her brother knowing that she was not asleep, went to the foot of her bed: he was astonished at the condition he found her in. Every body flew to her; her lover appeared next to her brother. He was certainly the most alarmed, and the most affected of any one; but he had learned to unite discretion to all the happy gifts nature had bestowed upon him, and a quick sensibility of decorum began to prevail over him.

A neighbouring physician was immediately sent for. He was one of those itinerant doctors, who confound the last disorder they were consulted upon with the present; who follow a blind practice, in a science from which the most mature investigation, and justest observations, do not preclude uncertainty and danger. He greatly increased the disorder, by prescribing a fashionable nostrum.—Can fashion extend to medicine? This phrenzy was then too prevalent in Paris.

The grief of Miss St. Yves contributed still more than her physician to render her disorder fatal. Her body suffered martyrdom in the torments of her mind. The crowd of thoughts which agitated her breast, communicated to her veins a more dangerous poison than that of the most burning fever.

CHAP. XX.

THE DEATH OF THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ST. YVES, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

ANOTHER physician was called in. This, instead of assisting nature, and leaving it to act in a young person whose organs recalled the vital stream, applied himself solely to counteract the effects of his brother's prescription. The disorder in two days became mortal. The brain, which is thought to be the seat of the mind, was as violently afflicted as the heart, which, we are told, is the seat of the passions. By what incomprehensible mechanism are the organs in subjection to sentiment and thought? How is it that a single melancholy idea shall disturb the whole course of the blood; and that the blood should, in turn, communicate it's irregularities to the human understanding? What is that unknown fluid, which certainly exists, and, quicker and more active than light, flies in less than the twinkling of an eye into all the channels of life, produces sensations, memory, joy or grief, reason or phrenzy; recalls with horror what we would chuse to forget; and renders a thinking animal either a subject of admiration, or an object of pity and compassion?

These were the reflections of the good old Gordon; and these observations, so natural, which men seldom make, did not prevent his feeling upon the occasion; for he was not of the number of those gloomy philosophers, who pique themselves upon being insensible. He was affected at the fate of this young woman, like a father who sees his dear child yielding to a slow death. The Abbé St. Yves was desperate; the prior and his sister shed floods of tears; but who could describe the situation of her lover? All expression falls far short of the summit of his affliction, and language here proves it's imperfection.

His aunt, almost lifeless, supported the head of the departing fair in her feeble arms; her brother was upon his knees at the foot of the bed; her lover squeezed her hand, which he bathed in tears; his groans rent the air, whilst he called her his guardian angel, his life, his hope, his better half, his mistress, his wife. At the word Wife, a sigh escaped her, whilst she

she looked upon him with inexpressible tenderness, and then abruptly gave a horrid scream. Presently, in one of those intervals when grief, the oppression of the senses, and pain, subside, and leave the soul its liberty and powers, she cried out—'I your wife! Ah! dear lover, this name, this happiness, this felicity, were not destined for me! I die, and I deserve it. O God of my heart!—O you, whom I sacrificed to infernal demons—it is done—I am punished—live and be happy.' These tender, but dreadful expressions, were incomprehensible; yet they melted and terrified every heart. She had the courage to explain herself, and her auditors quaked with astonishment, grief, and pity. They with one voice detested the man in power, who repaid a shocking act of injustice only by his crimes, and who had forced the most amiable innocence to be his accomplice.

'Who? you guilty!' said her lover, 'no, you are not; guilt can only be in the heart;—yours is devoted solely to virtue and to me.'

This opinion he corroborated by such expressions as seemed to recal the beautiful Miss St. Yves back to life. She felt some consolation from them, and was astonished at being still beloved. The aged Gordon would have condemned her at the time he was only a Jansenist; but having attained wisdom, he esteemed her, and wept.

In the midst of these lamentations and fears, whilst the dangerous situation of this worthy girl engrossed every breast, and all were in the greatest consternation, a courier arrived from court. 'A courier! from whom? and upon what account?' He was sent by the king's confessor to the prior of the Mountain: it was not Father de la Chaise who wrote, but brother Vadbled, his valet de chambre, a man of great consequence at that time, who acquainted the arch-bishops with the Reverend Father's pleasure, and sometimes issued *lettres de cachet*. He wrote to the abbé of the Mountain, that his Reverence had been informed of his nephew's exploits; that his being sent to prison was through mistake; that such little disgraces frequently happened, and should therefore not be attended to; and, in fine, it behoved him, the prior, to come and present his nephew the next day: that he was to bring with him that

good man Gordon; and that he, brother Vadbled, should introduce them to his Reverence and M. de Louvois, who would say a word to them in his antichamber.

To which he added, that the history of the Huron, and his combat against the English, had been related to the king; that doubtless the king would deign to take notice of him in passing through the gallery, and perhaps he might even nod his head to him. The letter concluded by flattering him with hopes that all the ladies of the court would shew their eagerness to send for his nephew to their toilets; and that several among them would say to him—'Good day, Mr. Huron;' and that he would certainly be talked of at the king's supper. The letter was signed, 'Your affectionate brother Jesuit, Vadbled.'

The prior having read the letter aloud, his furious nephew for a moment suppressed his rage, and said nothing to the bearer: but turning towards the companion of his misfortunes, asked him, what he thought of that stile. Gordon replied—'This, then, is the way that men are treated like monkeys; they are first beaten, and then they dance.' The Huron resuming his character, which always returned in the great emotions of his soul, tore the letter to bits, and threw them in the courier's face: 'There's my answer,' said he. His uncle in terrors, who fancied he saw thunderbolts, and twenty *lettres de cachet* at once fall upon him, immediately wrote the best excuse he could for these transports of passion in a young man, which he considered as the ebullition of a great soul.

But a solicitude of a more melancholy stamp now seized every heart. The beautiful and unfortunate Miss St. Yves was already sensible of her approaching end; she was serene, but it was that kind of shocking serenity, the effect of exhausted nature, no longer able to withstand the conflict. 'Oh, my dear lover!' said she in a faltering voice, 'death punishes me for my weakness; but I expire with the consolation of knowing you are free. I adored you, whilst I betrayed you, and I adore you in bidding you an eternal adieu.'

She did not make a parade of a ridiculous fortitude; she did not understand that miserable glory of having some of her neighbours say, she died with courage.

rage. Who, at twenty, can be at once torn from her lover, from life, and what is called honour, without regret, without some pang? She felt all the horror of her situation, and made it felt by those expiring looks and accents which speak with so much energy. In a word, she shed tears like other people, at those intervals that she was capable of giving vent to them.

Let others strive to celebrate the pompous deaths of those who insensibly rush into destruction. This is the lot of all animals; we die like them, only when age or disorders make us resemble them by the stupidity of our organs. Whoever suffers a great loss, must feel great regret; if they are stifled, it is nothing but vanity that is pursued, even in the arms of death.

When the fatal moment came, all around her most feelingly expressed their grief, by incessant tears and lamentations. The Huron was senseless. Great souls feel more violent sensations than those of less tender dispositions. The good old Gordon knew enough of him to make him dread, that when he came to himself, he would be guilty of suicide. All kinds of arms were put out of his way, which the unfortunate young man perceived: he said to his relations and Gordon, without shedding any tears, without a groan, or the least emotion—'Do you then think, that any one upon earth hath the right and power to prevent my putting an end to my life?' Gordon took care to avoid making a parade of those common-place declamations whereby it is endeavoured to be proved, that we are not allowed to exercise our liberty in ceasing to be, when we are in a shocking situation; that we may not leave the house, when we can no longer remain in it; that a man is on earth like a soldier at his post: as if it signified to the Being of beings, whether the conjunction of the particles of matter were in one spot or another; impotent reasons, to which a firm and contemplated despair disdains to listen, and to which Cato replied only with the use of a poniard.

The Huron's sullen and dreadful silence, his doleful aspect, his trembling lips, and the shivering of his whole frame, to every spectator's soul communicated that mixture of compassion and terror, which fetters all it's powers, precludes discourse, and is only uttered by faltering accents. The hostess and her family

came running; they trembled to behold the state of his desperation, yet all kept their eyes upon him, and attended to all his motions. The ice-cold corpse of the beautiful Miss St. Yves had already been carried into a lower-hall, out of the sight of her lover, who seemed still in search of it, though incapable of observing any object.

In the midst of this spectacle of death, whilst the dead body was exposed at the door of the house; whilst two priests by the side of a holy water-pot were repeating prayers with an air of distraction; whilst some passengers, through idleness, sprinkled the bier with some drops of holy water, and others went their ways quite indifferent; whilst her parents were drowned in tears, and every one thought the lover would not survive his loss;—in this situation St. Pouange arrived with his female Versailles friend.

His transitory taste having been but once gratified, it became a fixed passion. A refusal of his generous gifts had piqued his pride. Father de la Chaise would never have suggested the thought of coming into this house; but St. Pouange having constantly before his eyes the image of the beautiful Miss St. Yves; burning to satisfy a passion, which, by a single enjoyment, had fixed in his heart the poignancy of desire; did not hesitate coming himself in search of her, whom he would not, perhaps, have been inclined to see a third time, had she went to him of her own accord.

He alighted from his coach; and the first object that presented itself was a bier: he turned away his eyes with that simple distaste of a man bred up in pleasures, and who thinks he should avoid a spectacle which might recal him to the contemplation of human misery. He is inclined to go up stairs, whilst his female friend enquires, through curiosity, whose funeral it was. The name of Miss St. Yves is pronounced. At this name she turned, and gave a shocking shriek. St. Pouange now returns, whilst surprise and grief possess his soul. The good old Gordon stood with streaming eyes: he, for a moment, ceased his lamentations, to acquaint the courtier with all the circumstances of this melancholy catastrophe. He spoke with that authority which is the companion to sorrow and virtue. St. Pouange was not naturally wicked; the torrent of business and amusements had hurried away his soul, which was not yet acquainted with itself.

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He did not border upon that grey age, which usually hardens the hearts of ministers; he listened to Gordon with a downcast look, and some tears escaped him, which he was surprized to shed; in a word, he repented.

'I will,' said he, 'absolutely see this extraordinary man you have mentioned to me; he affects me almost as much as this innocent victim, whose death I have been the occasion of.' Gordon followed him as far as the chamber, where were the prior Kerkabon, the abbé St. Yves, and some neighbours, who were recalling to life the young man, who had again fainted.

'I have been the cause of your misfortunes,' said this deputy minister, 'and my whole life shall be employed in making reparation.' The first idea that struck the Huron was to kill him, and then destroy himself. Nothing was more suitable to the circumstances; but he was without arms, and closely watched. St. Pouange was not rebuked with refusals, accompanied with reproach, contempt, and the insults he deserved, which were lavished upon him. Time softens every thing. Monf. de Louvois at length succeeded in making an excellent officer

of the Huron, who has appeared under another name at Paris and in the army, applauded by all honest men, being at once a warrior and an intrepid philosopher.

He never mentioned this adventure without being greatly affected; and yet his greatest consolation was to speak of it. He cherished the memory of his beloved Miss St. Yves to the last moment of his life. The abbé St. Yves and the prior were each provided with good livings; the good Kerkabon rather chose to see his nephew invested with military honours than in the sub-deaconry. The devotee of Versailles kept the diamond ear-rings, and received besides a handsome present. Father Tout à tous had presents of chocolate, coffee, and confectionary, with the Meditations of the Reverend Father Croiset, and the Flower of the Saints, bound in Morocco. Good old Gordon lived with the Huron till his death, in the most friendly intimacy; he had also a benefice, and forgot for ever effectual grace, and the concomitant concurrence. He took for his motto—'*Misfortunes are of some use.*' How many worthy people are there in the world who may justly say—'*Misfortunes are good for nothing.*'

FINIS.

